

THE
W O R K S

OF

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

VOL. XLIV.

ROMANCES VOL. XXXV.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1823.

22



Laurens. sc.

Ivanhoe. Vol. III.

THE
WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

VOL. XLIV.

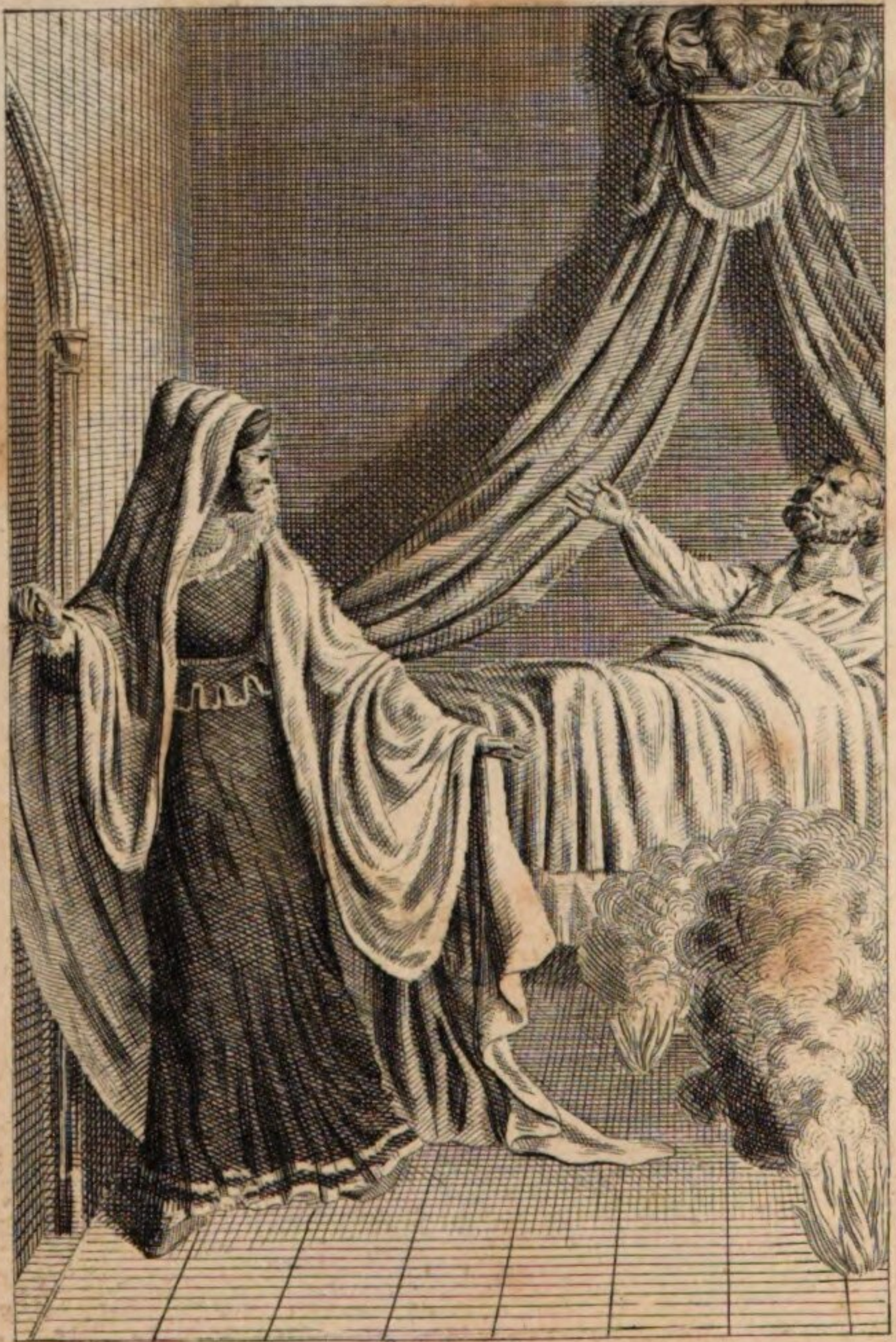
ROMANCES VOL. XXXV.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1823.

22



Laurens. Jr.

Ivanhoe. Vol. III.

THE
WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

VOL. XLIV.

ROMANCES VOL. XXXV.

~~~~~  
ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1823.





*Laurenson. sc.*

*Ivanhoe. Vol. III.*



THE  
W O R K S

O F

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

---

VOL. XLIV.

ROMANCES VOL. XXXV.

---

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1 8 2 3.

22



THE

OF THE

WALTER SCOTT

—

FOR THE

ROMANES

WALTON

THE

THE



# I V A N H O E;

## A ROMANCE.

BY „THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY,” ETC.

---

*Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,  
And often took leave, — but seem'd loth to depart!*

PRIOR.

---

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

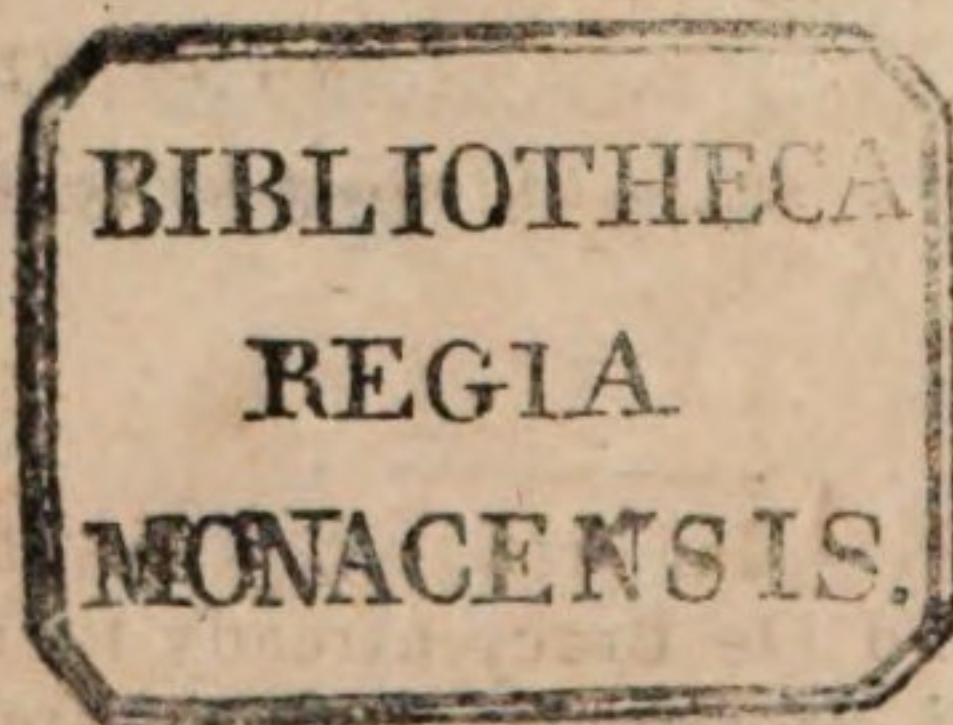
---

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1 8 2 3.







---

# IVANHOE.

---

## CHAPTER XXV.

*A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship as ever  
I saw in my life.*

*She Stoops to Conquer.*

---

WHEN the Templar reached the hall of the castle, he found De Bracy already there. "Your love-suit," said De Bracy, "hath, I suppose, been disturbed, like mine, by this obstreperous summons. But you have come later and more reluctantly, and therefore I presume your interview has proved more agreeable than mine."

"Has your suit, then, been unsuccessfully paid to the Saxon heiress?" said the Templar.

"By the bones of Thomas a Becket," answered De Bracy, "the Lady Rowena must have



heard that I cannot endure the sight of women's tears."

"Away!" said the Templar; "thou a leader of a Free Company, and regard a woman's tears! A few drops sprinkled on the torch of love, make the flame blaze the brighter."

"Gramercy for the few drops of thy sprinkling," replied De Bracy; "but this damsel hath wept enough to extinguish a beacon-light. Never was such wringing of hands and such overflowing of eyes, since the days of St Niobe,\* of whom Prior Aymer told us. A water-fiend hath possessed the fair Saxon."

"A legion of fiends hath occupied the bosom of the Jewess," replied the Templar; "for, I think no single one, not even Apollyon himself, could have inspired such indomitable pride and resolution. — But where is Front-de-Bœuf? That horn is sounded more and more clamorously."

"He is negotiating with the Jew, I suppose," replied De Bracy, coolly; "probably the howls of

---

\* I wish the Prior had also informed them when Niobe was sainted. Probably during that enlightened period when

„Pan to Moses lent his pagan horn."



Isaac have drowned the blast of the bugle. Thou may'st know, by experience, Sir Brian, that a Jew parting with his treasures on such terms as our friend Front-de-Bœuf is like to offer, will raise a clamour loud enough to be heard over twenty bugles and trumpets to boot. But we will make the vassals call him."

They were soon after joined by Front-de-Bœuf, who had been disturbed in his tyrannic cruelty in the manner with which the reader is acquainted, and had only tarried to give some necessary directions.

"Let us see the cause of this cursed clamour," said Front-de-Bœuf — "here is a letter, and, if I mistake not, it is in Saxon."

He looked at it, turning it round and round, as if he had had really some hopes of coming at the meaning by inverting the position of the paper, and then handed it to De Bracy.

"It may be magic spells for aught I know," said De Bracy, who possessed his full proportion of the ignorance which characterized the chivalry of the period. "Our chaplain attempted to teach me to write," he said, "but all my letters were formed like spear-heads, and sword-blades, and so the old shaveling gave up the task."

"Give it me," said the Templar. "We have that of the priestly character, that we have some knowledge to enlighten our valour."



« Let us profit by your most reverend knowledge, then, » said De Bracy; « what says the scroll? »

« It is a formal letter of defiance, » answered the Templar; « but, by our Lady of Bethlehem, if it be not a foolish jest, it is the most extraordinary cartel that ever was sent across the draw-bridge of a baronial castle. »

« Jest! » said Front-de-Bœuf, « I would gladly know who dares jest with me in such a matter! — Read it, Sir Brian. »

The Templar accordingly read as follows: —

« I, Wamba the son of Witless, Jester to a noble and free-born man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Saxon. — And I, Gurth the son of Beowolf, the swine-herd — »

« Thou art mad, » said Front-de-Bœuf, interrupting the reader.

« By St Luke, it is so set down, » answered the Templar. Then resuming his task, he went on. « I, Gurth, the son of Beowolf, swine-herd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, who make common cause with us in this our feud, namely, the good knight, called for the present *Le Noir Faineant*, do you, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and your allies and accomplices whomsoever, to wit, that whereas you have, without cause given or feud declared, wrongfully and by mastery seized upon



the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; also upon the person of a noble and free-born damsel, the Lady Rowena of Hargottstandstede; also upon the person of a noble and free-born man, Athelstane of Coningsburgh; also upon the persons of certain free-born men, their *cnichts*; also upon certain serfs their born bondsmen; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess, and certain horses and mules: Which noble persons, with their *cnichts* and slaves, and also with the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess beforesaid, were all in peace with his majesty, and traveling as liege subjects upon the king's highway; therefore we require and demand that the said noble persons, namely, Cedric of Rotherwood, Rowena of Hargottstandstede, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, with their servants, *cnichts*, and followers, also the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess aforesaid, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, or to those whom we shall appoint to receive the same, and that untouched and unharmed in body and goods. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold ye as robbers and traitors, and will wager our bodies against ye in battle, siege, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction. Wherefore may God have you



in his keeping. — Signed by us upon the eve of St Withold's day, under the great trysting oak in the Hart-hill Walk, the above being written by an holy man, Clerk to God, our Lady, and St Dunstan, in the Chapel of Copmanhurst."

At the bottom of this document was scrawled, in the first place, a rude sketch of a cock's head and comb, with a legend expressing this hieroglyphic to be the sign-manuel of Wamba, son of Witless. Under this respectable emblem stood a cross, stated to be the mark of Gurth, the son of Beowolf. Then was written, in rough bold characters, the words, *Le Noir Faineant*. And, to conclude the whole, an arrow, neatly enough drawn, was described as the mark of the yeoman Locksley.

The knights heard this uncommon document read from end to end, and then gazed on each other in silent amazement, as being utterly at a loss to know what it could portend. De Bracy was the first to break silence by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, wherein he was joined, though with more moderation, by the Templar. Front-de-Bœuf, on the contrary, seemed impatient of their ill-timed mirth.

"I give you plain warning," he said, "fair sirs, that you had better consult how to bear yourselves under these circumstances, than give way to such ill-timed merriment."



“Front-de-Bœuf has not recovered his temper since his late overthrow,” said De Bracy to the Templar; “he is cowed at the very idea of a cartel, though it come but from a fool and a swine-herd.”

“By St Michael,” answered Front-de-Bœuf, “I would thou couldst stand the whole brunt of this adventure thyself, De Bracy. These fellows dared not have acted with such inconceivable impudence, had they not been supported by some strong bands. There are enough of outlaws in this forest to resent my protecting the deer. I did but tie one fellow, who was taken redhanded and in the fact, to the horns of a wild stag, which gored him to death in five minutes, and I had as many arrows shot at me as there were launched against yonder target at Ashby.—Here, fellow,” he added, to one of his attendants, “hast thou sent out to see by what force this precious challenge is to be supported?”

“There are at least two hundred men assembled in the woods,” answered a squire who was in attendance.

“Here is a proper matter!” said Front-de-Bœuf; “this comes of lending you the use of my castle, that cannot manage your undertaking quietly, but you must bring this nest of hornets about my ears.”

“Of hornets?” said De Bracy, “of stingless



drones rather; a band of lazy knaves, who take to the wood and destroy the venison rather than labour for their maintenance."

"Stingless!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "fork-headed shafts of a cloth-yard in length, and these shot within the breadth of a French crown, are sting enough."

"For shame, Sir Knight!" said the Templar. "Let us summon our people, and sally forth upon them. One knight — ay, one man-at-arms, were enough for twenty such peasants."

"Enough, and too much," said De Bracy; "I should only be ashamed to couch lance against them."

"True," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "were they black Turks or Moors, Sir Templar, or the craven peasants of France, most valiant De Bracy; but these are English yeomen, over whom we shall have no advantage, save what we may derive from our arms and horses, which will avail us little in the glades of the forest. Sally, saidst thou? we have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York, so is all your band, de Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty, besides the handful that were engaged in this mad business."

"Thou dost not fear," said the Templar, "that they can assemble in force sufficient to attempt the castle?"



“Not so, Sir Brian,” answered Front-de-Bœuf. “These outlaws have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them.”

“Send to thy neighbours,” said the Templar; “let them assemble their people, and come to the rescue of three knights, besieged by a jester and a swine-herd in the baronial castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf!”

“You jest, Sir Knight,” answered the Baron; “but to whom should I send? — Malvoisin is by this time at York with his retainers, and so are my other allies; and so should I have been, but for this infernal enterprize.”

“Then send to York, and recall our people,” said De Bracy. “If they abide the shaking of my standard, or the sight of my Free Companions, I will give them credit for the boldest outlaws ever bent bow in green-wood.”

“And who shall bear such a message?” said Front-de-Bœuf; “they will beset every path, and rip the errand out of his bosom. — I have it,” he said, after pausing for a moment — “Sir Templar, thou canst write as well as read, and if we can but find the writing materials of my chaplain, who died a twelvemonth since in the midst of his Christmas carousals —”

“So please ye,” said the squire, who was still in attendance, “I think old Barbara has them



somewhere in keeping, for love of the confessor. He was the last man, I have heard her say, who ever said aught to her, which man ought in courtesy to say to maid or matron."

"Go, search them out, Engelred; and then, Sir Templar, thou shalt return an answer to this bold challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point than at that of the pen," said Bois-Guilbert; "but be it as you will."

He sat down accordingly, and indited, in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor: —

"Sir Reginal Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and knightly allies and confederates, receive no defiances at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. If the person calling himself the Black Knight have indeed a claim to the honours of chivalry, he ought to know that he stands degraded by his present association, and has no right to ask reckoning at the hands of good men of noble blood. Touching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion, to receive their confession and reconcile them with God; since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon, so that their heads being placed on the battlements, shall show to all men how lightly we esteem those who have bestirred themselves



in their rescue. Wherefore, as above, we require you to send a priest to reconcile them to God, in doing which you shall render them the last earthly service."

This letter being folded, was delivered to the squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the head-quarters of the allies, which were for the present established under a venerable oak-tree, about three arrows' flight distant from the castle. Here Wamba and Gurth, with their allies the Black Knight, and Locksley, and the jovial Hermit, awaited with impatience an answer to their summons. Around, and at a distance from them, were seen many a bold yeoman, whose sylvan dress and weather-beaten countenances showed the ordinary nature of their occupation. More than two hundred had already assembled, and others were fast coming in. Those whom they obeyed as leaders were only distinguished from the others by a feather in the cap, their dress, arms, and equipments being in all other respects the same.

Besides these bands, a less orderly and a worse armed force, consisting of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighbouring township, as well as many bondsmen and servants from Cedric's extensive



drones rather; a band of lazy knaves, who take to the wood and destroy the venison rather than labour for their maintenance."

"Stingless!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "fork-headed shafts of a cloth-yard in length, and these shot within the breadth of a French crown, are sting enough."

"For shame, Sir Knight!" said the Templar. "Let us summon our people, and sally forth upon them. One knight — ay, one man-at-arms, were enough for twenty such peasants."

"Enough, and too much," said De Bracy; "I should only be ashamed to couch lance against them."

"True," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "were they black Turks or Moors, Sir Templar, or the craven peasants of France, most valiant De Bracy; but these are English yeomen, over whom we shall have no advantage, save what we may derive from our arms and horses, which will avail us little in the glades of the forest. Sally, saidst thou? we have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York, so is all your band, de Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty, besides the handful that were engaged in this mad business."

"Thou dost not fear," said the Templar, "that they can assemble in force sufficient to attempt the castle?"



“Not so, Sir Brian,” answered Front-de-Bœuf. “These outlaws have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them.”

“Send to thy neighbours,” said the Templar; “let them assemble their people, and come to the rescue of three knights, besieged by a jester and a swine-herd in the baronial castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf!”

“You jest, Sir Knight,” answered the Baron; “but to whom should I send? — Malvoisin is by this time at York with his retainers, and so are my other allies; and so should I have been, but for this infernal enterprize.”

“Then send to York, and recall our people,” said De Bracy. “If they abide the shaking of my standard, or the sight of my Free Companions, I will give them credit for the boldest outlaws ever bent bow in green-wood.”

“And who shall bear such a message?” said Front-de-Bœuf; “they will beset every path, and rip the errand out of his bosom. — I have it,” he said, after pausing for a moment — “Sir Templar, thou canst write as well as read, and if we can but find the writing materials of my chaplain, who died a twelvemonth since in the midst of his Christmas carousals —”

“So please ye,” said the squire, who was still in attendance, “I think old Barbara has them



somewhere in keeping, for love of the confessor. He was the last man, I have heard her say, who ever said aught to her, which man ought in courtesy to say to maid or matron."

"Go, search them out, Engelred; and then, Sir Templar, thou shalt return an answer to this bold challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point than at that of the pen," said Bois-Guilbert; "but be it as you will."

He sat down accordingly, and indited, in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor: —

"Sir Reginal Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and knightly allies and confederates, receive no defiances at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. If the person calling himself the Black Knight have indeed a claim to the honours of chivalry, he ought to know that he stands degraded by his present association, and has no right to ask reckoning at the hands of good men of noble blood. Touching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion, to receive their confession and reconcile them with God; since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon, so that their heads being placed on the battlements, shall show to all men how lightly we esteem those who have bestirred themselves



in their rescue. Wherefore, as above, we require you to send a priest to reconcile them to God, in doing which you shall render them the last earthly service."

This letter being folded, was delivered to the squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the head-quarters of the allies, which were for the present established under a venerable oak-tree, about three arrows' flight distant from the castle. Here Wamba and Gurth, with their allies the Black Knight, and Locksley, and the jovial Hermit, awaited with impatience an answer to their summons. Around, and at a distance from them, were seen many a bold yeoman, whose sylvan dress and weather-beaten countenances showed the ordinary nature of their occupation. More than two hundred had already assembled, and others were fast coming in. Those whom they obeyed as leaders were only distinguished from the others by a feather in the cap, their dress, arms, and equipments being in all other respects the same.

Besides these bands, a less orderly and a worse armed force, consisting of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighbouring township, as well as many bondsmen and servants from Cedric's extensive



estate, had already arrived, for the purpose of assisting in his rescue. Few of these were armed otherwise than with such rustic weapons as necessity sometimes converts to military purposes. Boar-spears, scythes, flails, and the like, were their chief arms; for the Normans, with the usual policy of conquerors, were jealous of permitting to the conquered Saxons the possession or the use of arms. These circumstances rendered the assistance of the Saxons far from being so formidable to the besieged, as the strength of the men themselves, their superior numbers, and the animation inspired by a just cause, might otherwise well have made them. It was to the leaders of this motley army that the letter of the Templar was now delivered.

Reference was at first made to the chaplain for an exposition of its contents.

“By the crook of St Dunstan,” said that worthy ecclesiastic, “which hath brought more sheep within the sheepfold than the crook of e’er another saint in paradise, I swear that I cannot expound unto you this jargon, which, whether it be French or Arabic, is beyond my guess.”

He then gave the letter to Gurth, who shook his head gruffly and passed it to Wamba. The Jester looked at each of the four corners of the paper with such a grin of affected intelligence as



a monkey is apt to assume upon similar occasions, then cut a caper, and gave the letter to Locksley.

“If the long letters were bows, and the short letters arrows, I might know something of the matter,” said the honest yeoman; “but as the matter stands, the meaning is as safe, for me, as the stag that’s at twelve miles distance.”

“I must be clerk, then,” said the Black Knight; and taking the letter from Locksley, he first read it over to himself, and then explained the meaning in Saxon to his confederates.

“Execute the noble Cedric!” exclaimed Wamba; “by the rood, thou must be mistaken, Sir Knight.”

“Not I, my worthy friend,” replied the knight, “I have explained the words as they are here set down.”

“Then, by St Thomas of Canterbury,” replied Gurth, “we will have the castle, should we tear it down with our hands.”

“We have nothing else to tear it with,” replied Wamba, “but mine are scarce fit to make mammoicks of free-stone and mortar.”

“’Tis but a contrivance to gain time,” said Locksley; “they dare not do a deed for which I could exact a fearful penalty.”

“I would,” said the Black Knight, “there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case



stands with the besieged. Methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee, and thy advice," said the good hermit; "I tell thee, Sir Slothful Knight, that when I doff my friar's frock, my priesthood, my sanctity, my very Latin are put off along with it; and when in my green jerkin I can better kill twenty deer than confess one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight, "I fear greatly; there is no one here that is qualified to take upon him, for the nonce, this same character of father confessor?"

All looked on each other, and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must be still the fool, and put his neck in the venture which wise men shrink from. You must know, my dear cousins and countrymen, that I wore russet before I wore motley, and was bred to be a friar ere I found I had wit enough to be a fool. I trust, with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, together with the priesthood, sanctity, and learning which is stitched into the cowl of it, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our worthy master Cedric, and his companions in adversity."



“Hath he sense enough, think’st thou?” said the Black Knight, addressing Gurth.

“I know not,” said Gurth; “but if he hath not, it will be the first time he hath wanted wit to turn his folly to account.”

“On with the frock then, good fellow,” quoth the Knight, “and let thy master send us an account of their situation within the castle. Their numbers must be few, and it is five to one they may be accessible by a sudden and bold attack. Time wears — away with thee.”

“And, in the meantime,” said Locksley, “we will beset the place so closely, that not so much as a fly shall carry news from thence. So that, my good friend,” he continued, addressing Wamba, “thou may’st assure these tyrants, that whatsoever violence they exercise on the persons of their prisoners, shall be most severely repaid upon their own.”

“*Pax vobiscum*,” said Wamba, who was now muffled in his religious disguise.

And so saying, he imitated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his mission.



---

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*The hottest horse will oft be cool,  
The dullest will shew fire;  
The friar will often play the fool,  
The fool will play the friar.*

*Old Song.*

---

WHEN the Jester, arrayed in the cowl and frock of the hermit, and having his knotted cord twisted around his middle, stood before the portal of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, the warder demanded of him his name and errand.

“*Pax vobiscum,*” answered the Jester, “I am a poor brother of the Order of St Francis, who come hither to do my office to certain unhappy prisoners now secured within this castle.”

“Thou art a bold friar,” said the warder, “to come hither, where, saving our own drunken confessor, a cock of thy feather hath not crowed these twenty years.”



“Yet, I pray thee, do mine errand to the lord of the castle,” answered the pretended friar; “trust me it will find good acceptance with him, and the cock shall crow, that the whole castle shall hear him.”

“Gramercy,” said the warder; “but if I come to shame for leaving my post upon thine errand, I will try whether a friar’s grey gown be proof against a grey-goose shaft.”

With this threat he left his turret, and carried to the hall of the castle the unwonted intelligence, that a holy friar stood before the gate and demanded instant admission. With no small surprise he received his master’s commands to admit the holy man immediately; and, having previously manned the entrance to guard against surprise, he obeyed, without further scruple, the commands which he had received. The hair-brained self-conceit which had emboldened Wamba to undertake this dangerous office, was scarce sufficient to support him when he found himself in the presence of a man so dreadful, and so much dreaded, as Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and he brought out his *pax vobiscum*, to which he, in a good measure, trusted for supporting his character, with more anxiety and hesitation than had hitherto accompanied it. But Front-de-Bœuf was accustomed to see men of all ranks tremble in his presence, so that the timidity of the supposed



father did not give him any cause of suspicion.  
 «Who and whence art thou, priest?» said he.

«*Pax vobiscum*,» reiterated the Jester, «I am a poor servant of St Francis, who, travelling through this wilderness, have fallen among thieves, (as Scripture hath it), *quidam viator incidit in latrones*, which thieves have sent me unto this castle in order to do mine ghostly office on two persons condemned by your honourable justice.»

«Ay, right,» answered Front-de-Bœuf; «and canst thou tell me, holy father, the number of those banditti?»

«Gallant sir,» answered the Jester, «*nomen illis legio*, their name is legion.»

«Tell me in plain terms what numbers there are? or, priest, thy cloak and cord will ill protect thee.»

«Alas!» said the supposed friar, «*cor meum eructavit*, that is to say, I was like to burst with fear! but I conceive they may be — what of yeomen — what of commons, at least five hundred men.»

«What!» said the Templar, who came into the hall that moment, «muster the wasps so thick here? it is time to stifle such a mischievous brood.» Then taking Front-de-Bœuf aside, «Knowest thou the priest?»



“He is a stranger from a distant convent,” said Front-de-Bœuf; “I know him not.”

“Then trust him not with thy purpose in words,” answered the Templar. “Let him carry a written order to Bracy’s company of Free Companions, to repair instantly to their master’s aid. In the meantime, and that the shaveling may suspect nothing, permit him to go freely about his task of preparing these Saxon hogs for the slaughter-house.”

“It shall be so,” said Front-de-Bœuf. And he forthwith appointed a domestic to conduct Wamba to the apartment where Cedric and Athelstane were confined.

The impatience of Cedric had been rather enhanced than diminished by his confinement. He walked from one end of the hall to the other, with the attitude of one who advances to charge an enemy, or to storm the breach of a beleaguered place, sometimes ejaculating to himself, sometimes addressing Athelstane, who stoutly and stoically awaited the issue of the adventure, digesting, in the meantime, with great composure, the liberal meal which he had made at noon, and not greatly interesting himself about the duration of his captivity, which he concluded, would, like all earthly evils, find an end in Heaven’s good time.



“*Pax vobiscum*,” said the Jester, entering; “the blessing of St Dunstan, St Dennis, St Duthoc, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon ye and about ye.”

“*Salvete et vos*,” answered Cedric to the supposed friar, “with what intent art thou come hither?”

“To bid you prepare yourself for death,” answered the Jester.

“It is impossible,” replied Cedric, starting. “Fearless and wicked as they are, they dare not attempt such open and gratuitous cruelty.”

“Alas!” said the Jester, “to restrain them by their sense of humanity, is the same as to stop a runaway horse with a bridle of silk thread. Bethink thee, therefore, noble Cedric, and you also, gallant Athelstane, what crimes you have committed in the flesh; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal.”

“Hearest thou this, Athelstane?” said Cedric; “we must rouse up our hearts to this last action, since better it is we should die like men, than live like slaves.”

“I am ready,” answered Athelstane, “to stand the worst of their malice; and shall walk to my death with as much composure as ever I did to my dinner.”

“Let us then unto our holy gear, father,” said Cedric.



“Wait yet a moment, good uncle,” said the Jester, in his natural tone; “better look long before ye leap in the dark.”

“By my faith,” said Cedric, “I should know that voice.”

“It is that of your trusty slave and jester,” answered Wamba, throwing back his cowl. “Had you taken a fool’s advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool’s advice now, and you will not be here long.”

“How mean’st thou, knave?” answered the Saxon.

“Even thus,” replied Wamba; “take thou this frock and cord, which are all the orders I ever had, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead.”

“Leave thee in my stead!” said Cedric, astonished at the proposal; “why, they would hang thee, my poor knave.”

“E’en let them do as they are permitted,” said Wamba; “I trust — no disparagement to your birth — that the son of Witless may hang in a chain with as much gravity as the chain hung upon his ancestor the alderman.”

“Well, Wamba,” answered Cedric, “for one thing will I grant thy request. And that is, if thou wilt make the exchange of garments with Lord Athelstane instead of me.”



“No, by St Dunstan,” answered Wamba; “there were little reason in that. Good right there is, that the son of Witless should suffer to save the son of Hereward; but little wisdom there were in his dying for the benefit of one whose fathers were strangers to his.”

“Villain,” said Cedric, “the fathers of Athelstane were monarchs of England.”

“They might be whomsoever they pleased,” replied Wamba; “but my neck stands too straight upon my shoulders to have it twisted for their sake. Wherefore, good my master, either take my proffer yourself, or suffer me to leave this dungeon as free as I entered.”

“Let the old tree wither,” continued Cedric, “so the stately hope of the forest be preserved. Save the noble Athelstane, my trusty Wamba! it is the duty of each who has Saxon blood in his veins. Thou and I will abide together the utmost rage of our injurious oppressors, while he, free and safe, shall arouse the awakened spirits of our countrymen to avenge us.”

“Not so, father Cedric,” said Athelstane, grasping his hand, for, when roused to think or act, his deeds and sentiments were not unbecoming his high race — “Not so,” he continued, “I would rather remain in this hall a week without food, save the prisoner’s stinted loaf, or drink, save the prisoner’s measure of water, than em-



brace the opportunity to escape which this slave's untaught kindness has purveyed for his master."

"You are called wise men, sirs," said the Jester, "and I a crazed fool; but, uncle Cedric, and cousin Athelstane, the fool shall decide this controversy for ye, and save ye the trouble of straining courtesies any farther. I am like John-a-Duck's mare, that will let no man mount her but John-a-Duck. I came to save my master, and if he will not consent — basta — I can but go away home again. Kind service cannot be chucked from hand to hand like a shuttlecock or stoolball. I'll hang for no man but my own bornmaster."

"Go, then, noble Cedric," said Athelstane; "neglect not this opportunity. Your presence without may encourage friends to our rescue — your remaining here would ruin us all."

"And is there any prospect, then, of rescue from without?" said Cedric, looking to the Jester.

"Prospect, indeed!" echoed Wamba; "let me tell you, when you fill my cloak, you are wrapped in a general's cassock. Five hundred men are there without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders. My fool's cap was a casque, and my bauble a truncheon. Well, we shall see what good they shall make by exchanging a fool for a wise man. Truly, I fear they



will lose in valour what they may gain in discretion. And so farewell, master, and be kind to poor Gurth and his dog Fangs; and let my cockscomb hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful — — fool."

The last word came out with a sort of double expression, betwixt jest and earnest. The tears stood in Cedric's eyes.

"Thy memory shall be preserved," he said, "while fidelity and affection have honour upon earth. But that I trust I shall find the means of saving Rowena, and thee Athelstane, and thee also, my poor Wamba, thou shouldst not overbear me in this matter."

The exchange of dress was now accomplished, when a sudden doubt struck Cedric.

"I know no language," he said, "but my own, and a few words of their mincing Norman. How shall I bear myself like a reverend brother?"

"The spell lies in two words," replied Wamba — *Pax vobiscum* will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban, *Pax vobiscum* carries you through it all. It is as useful to a friar as a broom-stick to a witch, or a wand to a conjuror. Speak it but thus, in a deep grave tone, — *Pax vobiscum!* — it is irresistible — Watch and ward, knight and squire, foot and horse, it acts as a charm upon them all. I think,



if they bring me out to be hanged to-morrow, as is much to be doubted they may, I will try its weight upon the finisher of the sentence."

"If such prove the case," said his master; "my religious orders are soon taken — *Pax vobiscum*. I trust I shall remember the pass-word. — Noble Athelstane, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy, whose heart might make amends for a weaker head — I will save you, or return and die with you. The royal blood of our Saxon kings shall not be spilt while mine beats in my veins; nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master, if Cedric's peril can prevent it. — Farewell."

"Farewell, noble Cedric," said Athelstane; "remember it is the true part of a Friar to accept refreshment, if you are offered any."

"Farewell, uncle," added Wamba; "and remember *Pax vobiscum*." — —

Thus exhorted, Cedric sallied forth upon his expedition; and it was not long ere he had occasion to try the force of that spell which his Jester had recommended as omnipotent. In a low-arched and dusky passage, by which he endeavoured to work his way to the hall of the castle, he was interrupted by a female form.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said the pseudo Friar, and was endeavouring to hurry past, when a soft



voice replied, "*Et vobis — quæso, domine reverendissime, pro misericordia vestra!*"

"I am somewhat deaf," replied Cedric in good Saxon, and at the same time muttered to himself, "A curse on the fool and his *Pax vobiscum!* I have lost my javelin at the first cast."

It was, however, no unusual thing for a priest of those days to be deaf of his Latin ear, and this the person who now addressed Cedric knew full well.

"I pray you of dear love, reverend father," she replied in his own language, "that you will deign to visit with your ghostly comfort a wounded prisoner of this castle, and have such compassion upon him and us as thy holy office teaches — Never shall good deed so highly advantage thy convent."

"Daughter," answered Cedric, much embarrassed, "my time in this castle will not permit me to exercise the duties of mine office — I must presently forth — there is life and death upon my speed."

"Yet, father, let me entreat you by the vow you have taken on you," replied the suppliant, "not to leave the oppressed and endangered without counsel or succour."

"May the fiend fly away with me, and leave me in I frin with the souls of Odin and of Thor!" answered Cedric impatiently, and would proba-



bly have proceeded in the same tone of total departure from his spiritual character, when the colloquy was interrupted by the harsh voice of Urfried, the old crone of the turret.

“How, minion,” said she to the female speaker, “is this the manner in which you requite the kindness which permitted thee to leave thy prison-cell yonder? — Puttest thou the reverend man to use ungracious language, to free himself from the importunities of a Jewess?”

“A Jewess!” said Cedric, availing himself of the information to get clear of their interruption. — “Let me pass, woman! stop me not at your peril. I am fresh from my holy office, and would avoid pollution.”

“Come this way, father,” said the old hag; “thou art a stranger in this castle, and canst not leave it without a guide — Come hither, for I would speak with thee. — And you, daughter of an accursed race, go to the sick man’s chamber, and tend him until my return; and woe betide you if you again quit it without my permission!”

Rebecca retreated. Her importunities had prevailed upon Urfried to suffer her to quit the turret, and Urfried had employed her services where she herself would most gladly have paid them, by the bed-side of the wounded Ivanhoe. With an understanding awake to their dangerous situation, and prompt to avail herself of each



means of safety which occurred, Rebecca had hoped something from the presence of a man of religion, who, she learned from Urfried, had penetrated into this godless castle. She watched the return of the supposed ecclesiastic, with the purpose of addressing him, and interesting him in favour of the prisoners; with what imperfect success the reader has been just acquainted.



---

CHAPTER XXVII.

*Fond wretch! and what canst thou relate,  
 But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin?  
 Thy deeds are proved — thou know'st thy fate;  
 But come, thy tale — begin — begin.*

— — — — —  
*But I have griefs of other kind,  
 Troubles and sorrows more severe;  
 Give me to ease my tortured mind,  
 Lend to my woes a patient ear;  
 And let me, if I may not find  
 A friend to help — find one to hear.*

*Crabbe's Hall of Justice.*

---

WHEN Urfried had with clamours and menaces driven Rebecca back to the apartment from which she had sallied, she proceeded to conduct the unwilling Cedric into a small apartment, the door of which she heedfully secured. Then fetch-



ing from a cupboard a stoup of wine and two flagons, she placed them on the table, and said, in a tone rather asserting a fact than asking a question, "Thou art a Saxon, father — Deny it not," she continued, observing that Cedric hastened not to reply; "the sounds of my native language are sweet to mine ears, though seldom heard save from the tongues of the wretched and degraded serfs, on whom the proud Normans impose the meanest drudgery of this dwelling. Thou art a Saxon, father — a Saxon, and, save as thou art a servant of God, a freeman — Thine accents are sweet in mine ear."

"Do no Saxon priests visit this castle, then?" replied Cedric; "it were, methinks, their duty to comfort the outcast and oppressed children of the soil."

"They come not — or if they come, they better love to revel at the boards of their conquerors," answered Urfried, "than to hear the groans of their countrymen — so, at least, report speaks of them — of myself, I can say little. This castle, for ten years, has opened to no priest save the debauched Norman chaplain who partook the nightly revels of Front-de-Bœuf, and he has been long gone to render an account of his stewardship. — But thou art a Saxon — a Saxon priest, and I have one question to ask at thee."

"I am a Saxon," answered Cedric, "but un-



worthy, surely, of the name of priest. Let me be gone on my way — I swear I will return, or send one of our fathers more worthy to hear your confession.”

“Stay yet a while,” said Urfried; “the accents of the voice which thou hearest now, will soon be choaked with the cold earth, and I would not descend to it like the beast I have lived. But wine must give me strength to tell the horrors of my tale.” She poured out a cup, and drank it with a frightful avidity, which seemed desirous of draining the last drop in the goblet. “It stupifies,” she said, looking upwards as she finished her draught, “but it cannot cheer — Partake it, father, if you would hear my tale without sinking down upon the pavement.” Cedric would have avoided pledging her in this ominous conviviality, but the sign which she made to him expressed impatience and despair. He complied with her request, and answered her challenge in a large wine cup; she then continued her story, as if appeased by his compliance.

“I was not born,” she said, “father, the wretch that thou now see’st me. I was free, was happy, was honoured, — loved, and was beloved. I am now a slave, miserable and degraded — the sport of my master’s passion while I had yet beauty — the object of their contempt, scorn, and hatred, when it has passed away. — Doest thou



wonder, father, that I should hate mankind, and, over all, the race that has wrought this change in me? Can the wrinkled, decrepit hag before thee, whose wrath must vent itself in impotent curses, forget she was once the daughter of the noble Thane of Torquilstone, before whose frown a thousand vassals trembled?"

"Thou the daughter of Torquil Wolfgang-er!" said Cedric, receding as he spoke; "thou — thou — the daughter of that noble Saxon, my father's friend and companion in arms!"

"Thy father's friend!" echoed Urfried; "then Cedric called the Saxon stands before me, for the noble Hereward of Rotherwood had but one son, whose name is well known among his countrymen. But if thou art Cedric of Rotherwood, why this religious dress? — hast thou too despaired of saving thy country, and sought refuge from oppression in the shade of the convent?"

"It matters not who I am," said Cedric; "proceed, unhappy woman, with thy tale of horror and guilt! — Guilt there must be — there is guilt even in thy living to tell it!"

"There is — there is," answered the wretched woman, "deep, black, damning guilt — guilt, that lies like a load in my breast — guilt, that all the penitential fires of hereafter cannot cleanse. — Yes, in these halls, stained with the noble and pure blood of my father and my brethren — in



these very halls, to have lived the paramour of their murderer, the slave at once and the partaker of his pleasures, was to render every breath which I drew of vital air, a crime and a curse."

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed Cedric. "And while the friends of thy father — while each true Saxon heart, as it breathed a requiem for his soul and those of his valiant sons, forgot not in their prayers the murdered Ulrica — while all mourned and honoured the dead, thou hast lived to merit our hate and execration — lived to unite thyself with the vile tyrant who murdered thy nearest and dearest — who shed the blood of infancy, rather than a male of the noble house of Torquil Wolfganger should survive — with him hast thou lived to unite thyself, and in the bands of lawless love!"

"In lawless bands indeed, but not in those of love," answered the hag; "love will sooner visit the regions of eternal doom, than those unhallowed vaults. — No, with that at least I cannot reproach myself — hatred to Front-de-Bœuf and his race governed my soul most deeply, even in the hour of his guilty endearments."

"You hated him, and yet you lived," replied Cedric; "wretch! was there no poniard — no knife — no bodkin? — Well was it for thee, since thou did'st prize such an existence, that the secrets of a Norman castle are like those of the grave. For



had I but dreamed of the daughter of Torquil living in foul communion with the murderer of her father, the sword of a true Saxon had found thee out even in the arms of thy paramour!"

"Wouldst thou indeed have done this justice to the name of Torquil?" said Ulrica, for we may now lay aside her assumed name of Urfried; "thou art then the true Saxon report speaks thee! for even within these accursed walls, where, as thou well say'st, guilt shrouds itself in inscrutable mystery, even there has the name of Cedric been sounded — and I, wretched and degraded, have rejoiced to think that there yet breathed an avenger of our unhappy nation. — I also have had my hours of vengeance — I have fomented the quarrels of our foes, and heated drunken revelry into murderous broil — I have seen their blood flow — I have heard their dying groans! — Look on me, Cedric — are there not still left on this foul and faded face some traces of Torquil's features?"

"Ask me not of them, Ulrica," replied Cedric, in a tone of grief mixed with abhorrence; "these traces form such a resemblance as arises from the grave of the dead, when a fiend has animated the lifeless corpse."

"Be it so," answered Ulrica. "Yet, wore these fiendish features the mask of a spirit of light when they were able to set at variance the elder Front-



de-Bœuf and his son Reginald. — The darkness of hell should hide what followed, but revenge must lift the veil, and darkly intimate what it would raise the dead to speak aloud! — Long had the smouldering fire of discord glowed between the tyrant father and his savage son — long had I nursed, in secret, the unnatural hatred — it blazed forth in an hour of drunken wassail, and at his own board fell my oppressor by the hand of his own son — such are the secrets these vaults conceal! — Rend asunder, ye accursed arches,” she added, looking up towards the roof, “and bury in your fall all who are conscious of the hideous mystery!”

“And thou, creature of guilt and misery,” said Cedric, “what became thy lot on the death of thy ravisher?”

“Guess it, but ask it not. — Here — here I dwelt, till age, premature age, has stamped its ghastly features on my countenance — scorned and insulted where I was once obeyed, and compelled to bound the revenge which had once such ample scope, to the efforts of petty malice of a discontented menial, or the vain or unheeded curses of an impotent hag — condemned to hear from my lonely turret the sounds of revelry in which I once partook, or the shrieks and groans of new victims of oppression.”

“Ulrica,” said Cedric, “with a heart which still,



I fear, regrets the lost reward of thy crimes, as much as the deeds by which thou didst acquire that meed, how didst thou dare to address thee to one who wears this robe? Consider, unhappy woman, what could the sainted Edward himself do for thee, were he here in bodily presence? The royal Confessor was endowed by Heaven with power to cleanse the ulcers of the body, but only God himself can cure the leprosy of the soul."

"Yet, turn not from me, stern prophet of wrath," she exclaimed, "but tell me if thou canst, in what shall terminate these new and awful feelings that burst on my solitude! — Why do deeds, long since done, rise before me in new and irresistible horrors? What fate is prepared beyond the grave for her, to whom God has assigned on earth a lot of such unspeakable wretchedness? Better had I turn to Woden, Hertha, and Zernebock — to Mista, and to Skogula, the gods of our yet unbaptized ancestors, than endure the dreadful anticipations which have of late haunted my waking and my sleeping hours!"

"I am no priest," said Cedric, turning with disgust from this miserable picture of guilt, wretchedness, and despair; "I am no priest, though I wear a priest's garment."

"Priest or layman," answered Ulrica, "thou art the first I have seen for twenty years, by



whom God was feared or man regarded; and dost thou bid me despair?"

"I bid thee repent," said Cedric. "Seek to prayer and penance, and may'st thou find acceptance! But I cannot, I will not, longer abide with thee."

"Stay yet a moment," said Ulrica; "leave me not now, son of my father's friend, lest the demon who has governed my life should tempt me to avenge myself of thy hard-hearted scorn. — Think'st thou, if Front-de-Bœuf found Cedric the Saxon in his castle, in such a disguise, that thy life would be a long one? — Already his eye has been upon thee like a falcon on his prey."

"And be it so," said Cedric; "and let him tear me with beak and talons, ere my tongue say one word which my heart doth not warrant. I will die a Saxon — true in word, open in deed — I bid thee avaunt! — touch me not, stay me not!"

The sight of Front-de-Bœuf himself is less odious to me than thou, degraded and degenerate as thou art."

"Be it so," said Ulrica, no longer interrupting him; "go thy way, and forget, in the insolence of thy superiority, that the wretch before thee is the daughter of thy father's friend. — Go thy way — If I am separated from mankind by my sufferings — separated from those whose aid I



might most justly expect — not less will I be separated from them in my revenge! — No man shall aid me, but the ears of all men shall tingle to hear of the deed which I shall dare to do! — Farewell! — thy scorn has burst the last tie which seemed yet to unite me to my kind — a thought that my woes might claim the compassion of my people.”

“Ulrica,” said Cedric, softened by this appeal, “hast thou borne up and endured to live through so much guilt and so much misery, and wilt thou now yield to despair when thine eyes are opened to thy guilt, and when repentance were thy fitter occupation?”

“Cedric,” answered Ulrica, “thou little knowest the human heart. To act as I have acted, to think as I have thought, requires the maddening love of pleasure mingled with the keen appetite of revenge, the proud consciousness of power; draughts too intoxicating for the human heart to bear, and yet retain the power to repent. Their force has long passed away — Age has no pleasures, wrinkles have no influence, revenge itself dies away in impotent curses. Then comes remorse with all its vipers, mixed with vain regrets for the past and despair for the future! — Then, when all other strong impulses have ceased, we become like the fiends in hell, who may feel remorse, but never repentance. —



But thy words have awakened a new soul within me — Well hast thou said, all is possible for those who dare to die! — Thou hast shown me the means of revenge, and be assured I will embrace them. It has hitherto shared this wasted bosom with other and with rival passions — henceforward it shall possess me wholly, and thou thyself shalt say, that, whatever was the life of Ulrica, her death well became the daughter of the noble Torquil. There is a force without beleaguering this accursed castle — hasten to lead them to the attack, and when thou shalt see a red flag wave from the turret on the eastern angle of the donjon, press the Normans hard — they will then have enough to do within, and you may win the wall in spite both of bow and mangonel. — Begone, I pray thee — follow thine own fate, and leave me to mine.”

Cedric would have inquired further into the purpose which she thus darkly announced, but the stern voice of Front-de-Bœuf was heard, exclaiming, “Where tarries this loitering priest? By the scallop-shell of Compostella, I will make a martyr of him, if he loiters here to hatch treason among my domestics.”

“What a true prophet,” said Ulrica, “is an evil conscience! But heed him not — out and to thy people — Cry your Saxon onslaught, and let



them sing their war-song of Rollo, if they will, vengeance shall bear a burthen to it."

As she thus spoke, she vanished through a private door, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf entered the apartment. Cedric, with some difficulty, compelled himself to make obeisance to the haughty Baron, who returned his courtesy with a slight inclination of the head.

"Thy penitents, father, have made a long shrift — it is the better for them, since it is the last they shall make. Hast thou prepared them for death?"

"I found them," said Cedric, in such French as he could command, "expecting the worst, from the moment they knew into whose power they had fallen."

"How now, Sir Friar," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thy speech, methinks, smacks of a Saxon tongue?"

"I was bred in the convent of St Withold of Burton," answered Cedric.

"Ay?" said the Baron, "it had been better for thee to have been a Norman, and better for my purpose too; but need has no choice of messengers. That St Withold's of Burton is a howlet's nest worth the harrying. The day will soon come that the frock shall protect the Saxon as little as the mail-coat."

"God's will be done," said Cedric, in a voice



tremulous with passion, which Front-de-Bœuf imputed to fear.

“I see,” said he, “thou dreamest already that our men-at-arms are in thy refectory and thy ale-vaults. But do me one cast of thy holy office, and, come what list of others, thou shalt sleep as safe in thy cell as a snail within his shell of proof.”

“Speak your commands,” said Cedric, with suppressed emotion.

“Follow me through this passage, then, that I may dismiss thee by the postern.”

And as he strode on his way before the supposed Friar, Front-de-Bœuf thus schooled him in the part which he desired he should act.

“Thou seest, Sir Friar, yon herd of Saxon swine, who have dared to environ this castle of Torquilstone — Tell them whatever thou carest to choose of the weakness of this fortalice, or aught else that can detain them before it for twenty-four hours. Meantime bear thou this scroll — but soft — canst read, Sir Priest?”

“Not a jot I,” answered Cedric, “save on my breviary; and then I know the characters, because I have the holy service by heart, praised be our Lady and St WWithold.”

“The fitter messenger for my purpose. — Carry thou this scroll to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin, say it cometh from me, and is written by



the Templar Brian de Bois - Gilbert, and that I pray him to send it to York with all the speed man and horse can make. Meanwhile, tell him to doubt nothing, he shall find us whole and sound behind our battlement — Shame on it that we should be compelled to hide thus by a pack of runagates, who are wont to fly even at the flash of our pennons and the tramp of our horses! I say to thee, priest, contrive some cast of thine art to keep the knaves where they are, until our friends bring up their lances. My vengeance is awake, and she is a falcon that slumbers not till she has been gorged.”

“By my patron saint,” said Cedric, with deeper energy than became his character, “and by every saint who has lived and died in England, your commands shall be obeyed! Not a Saxon shall stir from before these walls, if I have art and influence to detain them there.”

“Ha!” said Front-de-Bœuf, “thou changest thy tone, Sir Priest, and speakest brief and bold, as if thy heart were in the slaughter of the Saxon herd; and yet thou art thyself of kindred to the swine?”

Cedric was no ready practiser of the art of dissimulation, and would at this moment have been much the better of a hint from Wamba's more fertile brain. But necessity, according to the ancient proverb, sharpens invention, and he



muttered something under his cowl concerning the men without being excommunicated outlaws both to church and to kingdom.

« *Despardieux*, » answered Front-de-Bœuf, « thou hast spoken the very truth — I forgot that the knaves can strip a fat abbot, as well as if they had been born south of yonder salt channel. Was it not he of St Ives whom they tied to an oak tree, and compelled to sing a mass while they were rifling his mails and his wallets? — No, by Our Lady — that jest was played by Gualtier of Middleton, one of our own companions-at-arms. But they were Saxons who robbed the chapel at St Bees of cup, candlestick, and chalice, were they not? »

« They were godless men, » answered Cedric.

« Ay, and they drank out all the good wine and ale that lay in store for many a secret carousal, when ye pretend ye are but busied with vigils and primes — Priest, thou art bound to revenge such sacrilege. »

« I am indeed bound to vengeance, » murmured Cedric; « Saint Withold knows my heart. »

Front-de-Bœuf, in the meanwhile, led the way to a postern, where, passing the moat on a single plank, they reached a small barbican, or exterior defence, which communicated with the open field by a well defended sally-port.

« Begone then; and if thou wilt do mine errand, and if thou return hither when it is done,



thou shalt see Saxon flesh cheap as ever was hog's in the shambles of Sheffield. And, hark thee, thou seemest to be a jolly confessor — come hither after the onslaught, and thou shalt have as much Malvoisie as would drench thy whole convent."

"Assuredly we shall meet again," answered Cedric.

"Something in hand the whilst," continued the Norman; and, as they parted at the postern door, he thrust into Cedric's reluctant hand a gold bezant, adding, "Remember, I will flay off both cowl and skin, if thou failest in thy purpose."

"And free leave will I give thee to do both," answered Cedric, leaving the postern, and striding forth over the free field with a joyful step, "if, when we meet next, I deserve not better at thine hand." — Turning then back towards the castle, he threw the piece of gold to the donor, exclaiming at the same time, "False Norman, thy money perish with thee!"

Front-de-Bœuf heard the words imperfectly, but the action was suspicious — "Archers," he called to the warders on the outward battlements, "send me an arrow through yon monk's frock — yet stay," he said, as his retainers were bending their bows, "it avails not — we must thus far trust him since we have no better shift. I think he dares not betray me — at the worst I can but



treat with these Saxon dogs whom I have safe in kennel. — Ho! Giles jailor, let them bring Cedric of Rotherwood before me, and the other churl, his companion — him I mean of Conningsburgh — Athelstane there, or what call they him? Their very names are an incumbrance to a Norman knight's mouth, and have, as it were, a flavour of bacon — Give me a stoup of wine, as jolly Prince John said, that I may wash away the relish — place it in the armoury, and thither lead the prisoners."

His commands were obeyed; and, upon entering that Gothic apartment, hung with many spoils won by his own valour and that of his father, he found a flagon of wine on the massive oaken table, and the two Saxon captives under the guard of four of his dependants. Front-de-Bœuf took a long draught of wine, and then addressed his prisoners; — for the manner in which Wamba drew the cap over his face, the change of dress, the gloomy and broken light, and the Baron's imperfect acquaintance with the features of Cedric, (who avoided his Norman neighbours, and seldom stirred beyond his own domains,) prevented him from discovering that the most important of his captives had made his escape.

"Gallants of England," said Front-de-Bœuf, "how relish ye your entertainment at Torquilstone? — Are ye yet aware what your *surquedy*



and *outrecuidance*\* merit, for scoffing at the entertainment of a prince of the house of Anjou? — Have ye forgotten how ye requited the unmerited hospitality of the royal John? By God and St Dennis, an ye pay not the richer ransom, I will hang ye up by the feet from the iron bars of these windows, till the kites and hooded crows have made skeletons of you! — Speak out, ye Saxon dogs — what bid ye for your worthless lives? — How say you, you of Rotherwood?"

"Not a doit, I," answered poor Wamba — "and for hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy turvy, they say, ever since the biggin was bound first round my head; so turning me upside down may peradventure restore it again."

"Saint Genevieve!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "what have we got here?"

And with the back of his hand he struck Cedric's cap from the head of the Jester, and, throwing open his collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude, the brazen collar round his neck.

"Giles — Clement — dogs and vassals!" exclaimed the furious Norman, "what have you brought me here?"

"I think I can tell you," said De Bracy, who

---

\* *Surquedy* and *outrecuidance* — insolence and presumption.



just entered the apartment. "This is Cedric's clown, who fought so manful a skirmish with Isaac of York about a question of precedence"

"I shall settle it for them both," replied Front-de-Bœuf; "they shall hang on the same gallows, unless his master and this boar of Coningsburgh will pay well for their lives. Their wealth is the least they can surrender; they must also carry off with them the swarms that are besetting the castle, subscribe a surrender of their pretended immunities, and live under us as serfs and vassals; too happy if, in the new world that is about to begin, we leave them the breath of their nostrils. — Go," said he, to two of his attendants, "fetch me the right Cedric hither, and I pardon your error for once; the rather that you but mistook a fool for a Saxon Franklin"

"Ay, but," said Wamba, "your chivalrous excellency will find there are more fools than Franklins amongst us."

"What means the knave?" said Front-de-Bœuf, looking towards his followers, who, lingering and loth, faltered forth their belief, that if this were not Cedric who was there in presence, they knew not what was become of him.

"Saints of Heaven," exclaimed De Bracy, "he must have escaped in the monk's garments!"

"Fiends of hell," echoed Front-de-Bœuf, "it was then the boar of Rotherwood whom I usher-



ed to the postern, and dismissed with my own hands! And thou," he said to Wamba, "whose folly could over-reach the wisdom of ideots yet more gross than thyself — I will give thee holy orders — I will shave thy crown for thee! — Here, let them tear the scalp from his head, and then pitch him headlong from the battlements — Thy trade is to jest, canst thou jest now?"

"You deal with me better than your word, noble knight," whimpered forth poor Wamba, whose habits of buffoonery were not to be overcome even by the immediate prospect of death: "if you give me the red cap you propose, out of a simple monk you will make a cardinal."

"The poor wretch," said De Bracy, "is resolved to die in his vocation. Front-de-Bœuf, you shall not slay him. Give him to me, to make sport for my Free Companions. — How say'st thou, knave? Wilt thou take heart of grace, and go to the wars with me?"

"Ay, with my master's leave," said Wamba; "for, look you, I must not slip collar, (and he touched that which he wore) without his permission."

"Oh, a Norman saw will soon cut a Saxon collar," said De Bracy.

"Ay, noble sir," said Wamba, "and thence goes the proverb —



'Norman saw on English oak,  
 On English neck a Norman yoke;  
 Norman spoon in English dish,  
 And England ruled as Norman wish;  
 Blithe world in England never will be more  
 Till England's rid of all the four.' "

"Thou doest well, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to stand there listening to a fool's jargon, when destruction is gaping for us. Seest thou not we are over-reached, and that our proposed mode of communicating with our friends without, has been disconcerted by this same motley gentleman thou art so fond to brother? What views have we to expect but instant storm?"

"To the battlements then," said De Bracy; "when didst thou ever see me the graver for the thoughts of battle? Call the Templar yonder, and let him fight but half as well for his life as he has done for his Order — make thou to the walls thyself with thy huge body — let me do my poor endeavour in my own way, and I tell thee the Saxon outlaws may as well attempt to scale the clouds, as the castle of Torquilstone; or, if you will treat with the banditti, why not employ the mediation of this worthy Franklin, who seems in such deep contemplation of the wine-flagon? — Here, Saxon," he continued, addressing Athelstane, and handing the cup to him, "rinse thy



throat with that noble liquor, and rouse up thy soul to say what thou wilt do for thy liberty."

"What a man of mould may," answered Athelstane, "providing it be what a man of manhood ought. — Dismiss me free, with my companions, and I will pay a ransom of a thousand marks."

"And wilt moreover assure us the retreat of that scum of mankind who are swarming around the castle, contrary to God's peace and the king's?" said Front de-Bœuf.

"In so far as I can," answered Athelstane, "I will withdraw them; and I fear not but that my father Cedric will do his best to assist me."

"We are agreed then," said Front-de-Bœuf — "thou and they are to be set at freedom, and peace is to be on both sides, for payment of a thousand marks. It is a trifling ransom, Saxon, and thou wilt owe gratitude to the moderation which accepts of it in exchange of your persons. But mark, this extends not to the Jew Isaac."

"Nor to the Jew Isaac's daughter," said the Templar, who had now joined them.

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "belong to this Saxon's company."

"I were unworthy to be called Christian, if they did," replied Athelstane; "deal with the unbelievers as you list."

"Neither does the ransom include the Lady



Rowena,“ said De Bracy. “It shall never be said I was scared out of a fair prize without striking a blow for it.”

“Neither,” said Front-de-Bœuf, “does our treaty refer to this wretched Jester, whom I retain, that I may make him an example to every knave who turns jest into earnest.”

“The Lady Rowena,” answered Athelstane, with the most steady countenance, “is my affianced bride. I will be drawn by wild horses before I consent to part with her. The slave Wamba has this day saved the life of my father Cedric — I will lose mine ere a hair of his head be injured.”

“Thy affianced bride? — The Lady Rowena the affianced bride of a vassal like thee?” said De Bracy; “Saxon, thou dreamest that the days of thy seven kingdoms are returned again. I tell thee, the princes of the House of Anjou confer not their wards on men of such lineage as thine.”

“My lineage, proud Norman,” replied Athelstane, “is drawn from a source more pure and ancient than that of a beggarly Frenchman, whose living is won by selling the blood of the thieves whom he assembles under his paltry standard. Kings were my ancestors, strong in war and wise in council, who every day feasted in their hall more hundreds than thou canst number individual followers; whose names have been sung by



minstrels, and their laws recorded by Wittenagemotes; whose bones were interred amid the prayers of saints, and over whose tombs minsters have been builded."

"Thou hast it, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, well pleased with the rebuff which his companion had received; "the Saxon hath hit thee fairly."

"As fairly as a captive can strike," said De Bracy, with apparent carelessness; "for he whose hands are tied should have his tongue at freedom. — But thy glibness of reply, comrade," rejoined he, speaking to Athelstane, "will not win the freedom of the Lady Rowena."

To this Athelstane, who had already made a longer speech than was his custom to do on any topic, however interesting, returned no answer. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a menial, who announced that a monk demanded admittance at the postern gate.

"In the name of Saint Bennet, the prince of these bull-beggars," said Front-de-Bœuf, "have we a real monk this time, or another impostor? Search him, slaves — for an ye suffer a second impostor to be palmed upon you, I will have your eyes torn out, and hot coals put into the sockets."

"Let me endure the extremity of your anger, my lord," said Giles, "if this be not a real shave-



ling. Your squire Jocelyn knows him well, and will vouch him to be brother Ambrose, a monk in attendance upon the Prior of Jorvaulx."

"Admit him," said Front-de-Bœuf; "most likely he brings us news from his jovial master. Surely the devil keeps holiday, and the priests are relieved from duty, that they are strolling thus wildly through the country. Remove these prisoners; and, Saxon, think on what thou hast heard."

"I claim," said Athelstane, "an honourable imprisonment, with due care of my board and of my couch, as becomes my rank, and as is due to one who is in treaty for ransom. Moreover, I hold him that deems himself the best of you, bound to answer to me with his body for this aggression on my freedom. This defiance hath already been sent to thee by thy sewer; thou underliest it, and art bound to answer me — There lies my glove."

"I answer not the challenge of my prisoner," said Front-de-Bœuf; "nor shalt thou, Maurice De Bracy. — Giles," he continued, "hang the Franklin's glove upon the tine of yonder branched antlers; there shall it remain until he is a free man. Should he then presume to demand it, or to affirm he was unlawfully made my prisoner, by the belt of Saint Christopher, he will speak to one who hath never refused to meet a



foe on foot or on horseback, alone or with his vassals at his back."

The Saxon prisoners were accordingly removed, just as they introduced the monk Ambrose, who appeared to be in great perturbation.

"This is the real *Deus vobiscum*," said Wamba, as he passed the reverend brother; "the others were but counterfeits."

"Holy Mother!" said the monk, as he addressed the assembled knights, "I am at last safe and in Christian keeping."

"Safe thou art," replied De Bracy; "and for Christianity, here is the stout Baron Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, whose utter abomination is a Jew; and the good Knight Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose trade it is to slay Saracens — If these are not good marks of Christianity, I know no other which they bear about them."

"Ye are friends and allies of our reverend father in God, Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx," said the monk, without noticing the tone of De Bracy's reply; "ye owe him aid both by knightly faith and holy charity, — for what sayeth the blessed Saint Augustin, in his treatise *De Civitate Dei*" —

"What saith the devil!" interrupted Front-de-Bœuf; "or rather what dost *thou* say, Sir Priest? We have little time to hear texts from the holy fathers."



«*Sancta Maria!*» ejaculated Father Ambrose, «how prompt to ire are these unhallowed laymen! — But be it known to you, brave knights, that certain murderous caitiffs, casting behind them fear of God, and reverence of his church, and not regarding the bull of the holy see, *Siquis, suadente Diabolo,*» — —

«Brother priest,” said the Templar, «all this we know or guess at — tell us plainly, is thy master, the Prior, made prisoner, and to whom?”

«Surely,” said Ambrose, «he is in the hands of the men of Belial, infesters of these woods, and contemners of the holy text, ‘Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets nought of evil.’”

«Here is a new argument for our swords, sirs,” said Front-de-Bœuf, turning to his companions; «and so, instead of reaching us any assistance, the Prior of Jorvaulx requests aid at our hands? a man is well helped of these lazy churchmen when he hath most to do. But speak out, priest, and say at once, what doth thy master expect from us?”

«So please you,” said Ambrose, «violent hands having been imposed on my reverend superior, contrary to the holy ordinance which I did already quote, and the men of Belial having rifled his mails and budgets, and stripped him of two hundred marks of pure refined gold, they do yet demand of him a large sum beside, ere they



will suffer him to depart from their uncircumcised hands. Wherefore the reverend father in God prays you, as his dear friends, to rescue him, either by paying down the ransom at which they hold him, or by force of arms, at your best discretion."

"The foul fiend quell the Prior!" said Front-de-Bœuf; "his morning's draught has been a deep one. When did thy master hear of a Norman baron unbuckling his purse to relieve a churchman, whose bags are ten times as weighty as ours? — And how can we do aught by valour to free him, that are cooped up here by ten times our number, and expect an assault every moment?"

"And that was what I was about to tell you," said the monk, "had your hastiness allowed me time. But, God help me, I am old, and these foul onslaughts distract an aged man's brain. Nevertheless it is of verity that they assemble a camp, and raise a bank against the walls of this castle."

"To the battlements!" cried De Bracy, "and let us mark what these knaves do without;" and so saying, he opened a latticed window which led to a sort of bartizan, or projecting balcony, and immediately called from thence to those in the apartment — "Saint Dennis, but the old monk hath brought true tidings! — They bring forward



mantelets and pavisses,\* and the archers muster on the skirts of the wood like a dark cloud before a hail-storm."

Reginald Front-de-Bœuf also looked out upon the field, and immediately snatched his bugle; and, after winding a long and loud blast, commanded his men to their posts on the walls.

"De Bracy, look to the eastern side, where the walls are lowest.— Noble Bois-Guilbert, thy trade hath well taught thee how to attack and defend, look thou to the western side — I myself will take post at the barbican. Yet, do not confine your exertions to any one spot, noble friends! — we must this day be everywhere, and multiply ourselves, were it possible, so as to carry by our presence succour and relief wherever the attack is hottest. Our numbers are few, but activity and courage may supply that defect, since we have only to do with rascal clowns."

"But, noble knights," exclaimed Father Ambrose, amid the bustle and confusion occasioned

---

\* Mantelets were temporary and moveable defences formed of planks, under cover of which the assailants advanced to the attack of fortified places of old. Pavisses were a species of large shields covering the whole person, employed on the same occasions.



by the preparations for defence, «will none of ye hear the message of the reverend Father in God Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx? — I beseech thee to hear me, noble Sir Reginald!”

«Go patter thy petitions to heaven,” said the fierce Norman, «for we on earth have no time to listen to them — Ho there! Anselm! see that seething pitch and oil are ready to pour on the heads of these audacious traitors — Look that the cross-bowmen lack not bolts\* — Fling abroad my banner with the old bull’s head — the knaves shall soon find with whom they have to do this day.”

«But, noble sir,” continued the Monk, persevering in his endeavours to draw attention, «consider my vow of obedience, and let me discharge myself of my superior’s errand.”

«Away with this prating dotard,” said Front-de-Bœuf, «lock him up in the chapel, to tell his beads till the broil be over. It will be a new thing to the saints in Torquilstone to hear aves

---

\* The bolt was the arrow peculiarly fitted to the crossbow, as that of the long-bow was called a shaft. Hence the English proverb — „I will either make a shaft or bolt of it,” signifying a determination to make one use or other of the thing spoken of.



and paters; they have not been so honoured, I trow, since they were cut out of stone."

"Blaspheme not the holy saints, Sir Reginald," said De Bracy, "we shall have need of their aid to-day before yon rascal rout disband."

"I expect little aid from their hand," said Front-de-Bœuf, "unless we were to hurl them from the battlements on the heads of the villains. There is a huge lumbering Saint Christopher yonder, sufficient to bear a whole company to the earth."

The Templar had in the meantime been looking out on the proceedings of the besiegers, with rather more attention than the brutal Front-de-Bœuf, or his giddy companion.

"By the faith of mine order," he said, "these men approach with more touch of discipline than could have been judged, however they come by it. See ye how dexterously they avail themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and shun exposing themselves to the shot of our cross-bows? I spy neither banner nor pennon among them, and yet will I gage my golden chain, that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skilful in the practice of wars."

"I espy him," said De Bracy; "I see the waving of a knight's crest, and the gleam of his armour. See yon tall man in the black mail,



who is busied marshalling the farther troop of the rascally yeomen — By Saint Dennis, I hold him to be the same whom we called *Le Noir Faineant*, who overthrew thee, Front-de-Bœuf, in the lists at Ashby."

"So much the better," said Front-de-Bœuf, "that he comes here to give me my revenge. Some hilding fellow he must be, who dared not stay to assert his claim to the tourney prize which chance had assigned him. I should in vain have sought for him where knights and nobles seek their foes, and right glad am I he hath here shewn himself among yon villain yeomanry."

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all further discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were able to muster, and who were in numbers inadequate to defend the whole extent of the walls, they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

---



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*This wandering race, severed from other men,  
Boast yet their intercourse with human arts;  
The seas, the woods, the deserts which they  
haunt,*

*Find them acquainted with their secret trea-  
sures;*

*And unregarded herbs, and flowers, and blos-  
soms,*

*Display undream'd of powers when gathered  
by them.*

*The Jew.*

---

OUR history must needs retrograde for the space of a few pages, to inform the reader of certain passages material to his understanding the rest of this important narrative. His own intelligence may indeed have easily anticipated that, when Ivanhoe sunk down, and seemed abandoned by



who is busied marshalling the farther troop of the rascally yeomen — By Saint Dennis, I hold him to be the same whom we called *Le Noir Faineant*, who overthrew thee, Front-de-Bœuf, in the lists at Ashby.”

“So much the better,” said Front-de-Bœuf, “that he comes here to give me my revenge. Some hilding fellow he must be, who dared not stay to assert his claim to the tourney prize which chance had assigned him. I should in vain have sought for him where knights and nobles seek their foes, and right glad am I he hath here shewn himself among yon villain yeomanry.”

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all further discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were able to muster, and who were in numbers inadequate to defend the whole extent of the walls, they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

---



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*This wandering race, severed from other men,  
Boast yet their intercourse with human arts;  
The seas, the woods, the deserts which they  
haunt,*

*Find them acquainted with their secret treasures;*

*And unregarded herbs, and flowers, and blossoms,*

*Display undream'd of powers when gathered  
by them.*

*The Jew.*

---

OUR history must needs retrograde for the space of a few pages, to inform the reader of certain passages material to his understanding the rest of this important narrative. His own intelligence may indeed have easily anticipated that, when Ivanhoe sunk down, and seemed abandoned by



all the world, it was the importunity of Rebecca which prevailed on her father to have the gallant young warrior transported from the lists to the house which for the time the Jews inhabited in the suburbs of Ashby.

It would not have been difficult to have persuaded Isaac to this step in any other circumstances, for his disposition was kind and grateful. But he had also the prejudices and scrupulous timidity of his persecuted people, and those were to be conquered.

“Holy Abraham!” he exclaimed, “he is a good youth, and my heart bleeds to see the gore trickle down his rich embroidered hacqueton, and his corslet of goodly price — but to carry him to our house! — damsel, hast thou well considered? — he is a Christian, and by our law we may not deal with the stranger and Gentile, save for the advantage of our commerce.”

“Speak not so, my dear father,” replied Rebecca; “we may not indeed mix with them in banquet and in jollity; but in wounds and in misery, the Gentile becometh the Jew’s brother.”

“I would I knew what the Rabbi Jacob Ben Tudela would opine on it,” replied Isaac; — “nevertheless, the good youth must not bleed to death. Let Seth and Reuben bear him to Ashby.”



“Nay, let them place him in my litter,” said Rebecca, “I will mount one of the palfreys.”

“That were to expose thee to the gaze of those dogs of Ishmael and of Edom,” whispered Isaac, with a suspicious glance towards the crowd of knights and squires. But Rebecca was already busied in carrying her charitable purpose into effect, and listed not what he said, until Isaac, seizing the sleeve of her mantle, again exclaimed in a hurried voice — “Beard of Aaron! — what if the youth perish? — if he die in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood, and be torn to pieces by the multitude?”

“He will not die, my father,” said Rebecca, gently extricating herself from the grasp of Isaac — “he will not die unless we abandon him, and if so, we are are indeed answerable for his blood to God and to man.”

“Nay,” said Isaac, releasing his hold, “it grieveth me as much to see the drops of his blood, as if they were so many golden bezants from mine own purse; and I well know, that the lessons of Miriam, daughter of the Rabbi Manasses of Byzantium, whose soul is in Paradise, hath made thee skilful in the art of healing, and that thou knowest the craft of herbs, and the force of elixirs. Therefore do as thy mind giveth thee — thou art a good damsel, a blessing, and a crown, and



a song of rejoicing unto me and unto my house, and unto the people of my fathers."

The apprehensions of Isaac, however, were not ill-founded; and the generous and grateful benevolence of his daughter exposed her, on her return to Ashby, to the unhallowed gaze of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. The Templar twice passed and repassed them on the road, fixing his bold and ardent look on the beautiful Jewess; and we have already seen the consequences of the admiration which her charms excited, when accident threw her into the power of that unprincipled voluptuary.

Rebecca lost no time in causing the patient to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. The youngest reader of romances and romantic ballads, must recollect how often the females, during the dark ages as they are called, were initiated into the mysteries of surgery, and how frequently the gallant knight submitted the wounds of his person to her cure, whose eyes had yet more deeply penetrated his heart.

But the Jews, both male and female, possessed and practised the medical science in all its branches, and the monarchs and powerful barons of the time frequently committed themselves to the charge of some experienced sage among this



despised people, when wounded or in sickness. The aid of the Jewish physicians was not the less eagerly sought after, though a general belief prevailed among the Christians, that the Jewish Rabbins were deeply acquainted with the occult sciences, and particularly with the cabalistical art, which had its name and origin in the studies of the sages of Israel. Neither did the Rabbins disown such acquaintance with supernatural arts, which added nothing (for what could add aught) to the hatred with which their nation was regarded, while it diminished the contempt with which that malevolence was mingled. A Jewish magician might be the subject of equal abhorrence with a Jewish usurer, but he could not be equally despised. It is, besides, probable, considering the wonderful cures they are said to have performed, that the Jews possessed some secrets of the healing art peculiar to themselves, and which, with the exclusive spirit arising out of their condition, they took great care to conceal from the Christians amongst whom they dwelt.

The beautiful Rebecca had been heedfully brought up in all the knowledge proper to her nation, which her apt and powerful mind had retained, arranged, and enlarged, in the course of a progress beyond her years, her sex, and even the age in which she lived. Her knowledge of medicine and of the healing art had been ac-



quired under an aged Jewess, the daughter of one of their most celebrated doctors, who loved Rebecca as her daughter, and was believed to have communicated to her secrets which had been left to herself by her sage father at the same time, and under the same circumstances. The fate of Miriam had indeed been to fall a sacrifice to the fanaticism of the times; but her secrets had survived in her apt pupil.

Rebecca, thus endowed with knowledge as with beauty, was universally revered and admired by her own tribe, who almost regarded her as one of those gifted women mentioned in the sacred history. Her father himself, out of reverence for her talents, which involuntarily mingled itself with his unbounded affection, permitted the maiden a greater liberty than was usually indulged to those of her sex by the habits of their people, and was, as we have just seen, frequently guided by her opinion, even in preference to his own.

When Ivanhoe reached the habitation of Isaac he was still in a state of unconsciousness, owing to the profuse loss of blood which had taken place during his exertions in the lists. Rebecca examined the wound, and having applied to it such vulnerary remedies as her art prescribed, informed her father that if fever could be averted, of which the great bleeding rendered her little ap-



prehensive, and if the healing balsam of Miriam retained its virtue, there was nothing to fear for his guest's life, and that he might with safety travel to York with them on the ensuing day. Isaac looked a little blank at this annunciation. His charity would willingly have stopped short at Ashby, or, at most, would have left the wounded Christian to be tended in the house where he was residing at present, with an assurance to the Hebrew to whom it belonged, that all expences should be duly discharged. To this, however, Rebecca opposed many reasons, of which we shall only mention two that had peculiar weight with Isaac. The one was, that she would on no account put her phial of precious balsam into the hands of another physician even of her own tribe, lest that valuable mystery should be discovered; the other, that this wounded knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, was an intimate favourite of Richard Cœur de Lion, and that, in case the monarch should return, Isaac, who had supplied his brother John with treasure to prosecute his rebellious purposes, would stand in no small need of a powerful protector who enjoyed Richard's favour.

“Thou art speaking but sooth, Rebecca,” said Isaac, giving way to these weighty arguments — “it were an offending of Heaven to betray the secrets of the blessed Miriam; for the good which Heaven giveth, is not rashly to be squandered



upon others, whether it be talents of gold and shekels of silver, or whether it be the secret mysteries of a wise physician — assuredly they should be preserved to those to whom Providence hath vouchsafed them. And him whom the Nazarenes of England call the Lion's Heart, assuredly it were better for me to fall into the hands of a strong lion of Idumea than into his, if he shall have got assurance of my dealing with his brother. Wherefore I will lend ear to thy counsel, and this youth shall journey with us unto York, and our house shall be as a home to him until his wounds shall be healed. And if he of the Lion Heart shall return to the land, as is now noised abroad, then shall this Wilfrid of Ivanhoe be unto me as a wall of defence, when the king's displeasure shall burn high against thy father. And if he doth not return, this Wilfrid may natheless repay us our charges when he shall gain treasure by the strength of his spear and of his sword, even as he did yesterday and this day also. For the youth is a good youth, and keepeth the day which he appointeth, and restoreth that which he borroweth, and succoureth the Israelite, even the child of my father's house, when he is encompassed by strong thieves and sons of Belial."

It was not until evening was nearly closed that Ivanhoe was restored to consciousness of his situation. He awakened from a broken slumber



under the confused impressions which are naturally attendant on the recovery from a state of insensibility. He was unable for some time to recall exactly to memory the circumstances which had preceded his fall in the lists, or to make out any connected chain of the events in which he had been engaged upon the yesterday. A sense of wounds and injury, joined to great weakness and exhaustion, was mingled with the recollection of blows dealt and received, of steeds rushing upon each other, overthrowing and overthrown — of shouts and clashing of arms, and all the heady tumult of a confused fight. An effort to draw aside the curtain of his couch was in some degree successful, although rendered difficult by the pain of his wound.

To his great surprise he found himself in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of oriental costume, that he began to doubt whether he had not, during his sleep, been transported back again to the land of Palestine. The impression was increased, when, the tapestry being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the eastern taste than that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a swarthy domestic.

As the wounded knight was about to address



this fair apparition, she imposed silence by placing her slender finger upon her ruby lips, while the attendant approaching him proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. She performed her task with a graceful and dignified simplicity and modesty, which might, even in more civilized days, have served to redeem it from whatever might seem repugnant to female delicacy. The idea of so young and beautiful a person engaged in attendance on a sick-bed, or in dressing the wound of one of a different sex, was melted away and lost in that of a beneficent being contributing her effectual aid to relieve pain, and to avert the stroke of death. Rebecca's few and brief directions were given in the Hebrew language to the old domestic; and he, who had been frequently her assistant in similar cases, obeyed them without reply.

The accents of an unknown tongue, however harsh they might have sounded when uttered by another, had, coming from the beautiful Rebecca, the romantic and pleasing effect which fancy ascribes to the charms pronounced by some beneficent fairy, unintelligible indeed to the ear, but, from the sweetness of utterance, and benignity of aspect which accompanied them, touching and affecting to the heart. Without making an attempt at further question, Ivanhoe suffered them in si-



lence to take the measures they thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until those were completed and his kind physician about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed. — “Gentle maiden,” he began in the Arabian tongue, with which his eastern travels had rendered him familiar, and which he thought most likely to be understood by the turban’d and caftan’d damsel who stood before him, “I pray you, gentle maiden, of your courtesy” —

But here he was interrupted by his fair physician, a smile which she could scarce suppress dimpling for an instant a face, whose general expression was that of contemplative melancholy. “I am of England, Sir Knight, and speak the English tongue, although my dress and my lineage belong to another climate.”

“Noble damsel,” — again the Knight of Ivanhoe began; and again Rebecca hastened to interrupt him.

“Bestow not on me, Sir Knight,” she said, “the epithet of noble. It is well you should speedily know that your hand-maiden is a poor Jewess, the daughter of that Isaac of York, to whom you were so lately a good and kind lord. It well becomes him, and those of his household, to render to you such careful tendance as your present state necessarily demands.”

I know not whether the fair Rowena would



this fair apparition, she imposed silence by placing her slender finger upon her ruby lips, while the attendant approaching him proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. She performed her task with a graceful and dignified simplicity and modesty, which might, even in more civilized days, have served to redeem it from whatever might seem repugnant to female delicacy. The idea of so young and beautiful a person engaged in attendance on a sick-bed, or in dressing the wound of one of a different sex, was melted away and lost in that of a beneficent being contributing her effectual aid to relieve pain, and to avert the stroke of death. Rebecca's few and brief directions were given in the Hebrew language to the old domestic; and he, who had been frequently her assistant in similar cases, obeyed them without reply.

The accents of an unknown tongue, however harsh they might have sounded when uttered by another, had, coming from the beautiful Rebecca, the romantic and pleasing effect which fancy ascribes to the charms pronounced by some beneficent fairy, unintelligible indeed to the ear, but, from the sweetness of utterance, and benignity of aspect which accompanied them, touching and affecting to the heart. Without making an attempt at further question, Ivanhoe suffered them in si-



lence to take the measures they thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until those were completed and his kind physician about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed. — “Gentle maiden,” he began in the Arabian tongue, with which his eastern travels had rendered him familiar, and which he thought most likely to be understood by the turban’d and caftan’d damsel who stood before him, “I pray you, gentle maiden, of your courtesy” —

But here he was interrupted by his fair physician, a smile which she could scarce suppress dimpling for an instant a face, whose general expression was that of contemplative melancholy. “I am of England, Sir Knight, and speak the English tongue, although my dress and my lineage belong to another climate.”

“Noble damsel,” — again the Knight of Ivanhoe began; and again Rebecca hastened to interrupt him.

“Bestow not on me, Sir Knight,” she said, “the epithet of noble. It is well you should speedily know that your hand-maiden is a poor Jewess, the daughter of that Isaac of York, to whom you were so lately a good and kind lord. It well becomes him, and those of his household, to render to you such careful tendance as your present state necessarily demands.”

I know not whether the fair Rowena would



71  
e been altogether satisfied with the species  
emotion with which her devoted knight had  
hitherto gazed on the beautiful features, and fair  
form, and lustrous eyes, of the lovely Rebecca;  
eyes whose brilliancy was shaded, and as it were  
mellowed, by the fringe of her long silken eye-  
lashes, and which a minstrel would have com-  
pared to the evening star darting its rays through  
a bower of jessamine. But Ivanhoe was too good  
a Catholic to retain the same class of feelings  
towards a Jewess. This Rebecca had foreseen,  
and for this very purpose she had hastened to  
mention her father's name and lineage; yet—for  
the fair and wise daughter of Isaac was not with-  
out a touch of female weakness,—she could not  
but sigh internally when the glance of respectful  
admiration, not altogether unmixed with tender-  
ness, with which Ivanhoe had hitherto regarded  
his unknown benefactress, was exchanged at once  
for a manner cold, composed, and collected, and  
fraught with no deeper feeling than that which  
expressed a grateful sense of courtesy received  
from an unexpected quarter and one of an infe-  
rior race. It was not that Ivanhoe's former carriage  
expressed more than that general devotional ho-  
mage which youth always pays to beauty; yet it  
was mortifying that one word should operate as  
a spell to remove poor Rebecca, who could not  
be supposed altogether ignorant of her title to



such homage, into a degraded class, to whom it could not be honourably rendered.

But the gentleness and candour of Rebecca's nature imputed no fault to Ivanhoe for sharing in the universal prejudices of his age and religion. On the contrary, the fair Jewess, though sensible her patient now regarded her as one of a race of reprobation, with whom it was disgraceful to hold any beyond the most necessary intercourse, ceased not to pay the same patient and devoted attention to his safety and convalescence. She informed him of the necessity they were under of removing to York, and of her father's resolution to transport him thither, and tend him in his own house until his health should be restored. Ivanhoe expressed great repugnance to this plan, which he grounded on unwillingness to give farther trouble to his benefactors.

“Was there not,” he said, “in Ashby, or near it, some Saxon Franklin, or even some wealthy peasant, who would endure the burthen of a wounded countryman's residence with him until he should be again able to bear his armour? — Was there no convent of Saxon endowment, where he could be received? — Or could he not be transported as far as Burton, where he was sure to find hospitality with Walthoeff, the Abbot of St Withold's, to whom he was related?”



“Any, the worst of these harbourages,” said Rebecca, with a melancholy smile, “would unquestionably be more fitting for your residence than the abode of a despised Jew; yet, Sir Knight, unless you would dismiss your physician, you cannot change your lodging. Our nation, as you well know, can cure wounds, though we deal not in inflicting them: and in our own family, in particular, are secrets which have been handed down since the days of Solomon, and of which you have already experienced the advantages. No Nazarene — I crave your forgiveness — no Christian leach, within the four seas of Britain, could enable you to bear your corslet within a month.”

“And how soon wilt thou enable me to brook it?” said Ivanhoe impatiently.

“Within eight days, if thou wilt be patient and conformable to my directions,” replied Rebecca.

“By our Blessed Lady,” said Wilfrid, “if it be not a sin to name her here, it is no time for me or any true knight to be bedridden; and if thou accomplish thy promise, maiden, I will pay thee with my casque full of crowns, come by them as I may.”

“I will accomplish my promise,” said Rebecca, “and thou shalt bear thine armour on the eighth day from hence, if thou wilt grant me



but one boon in the stead of the silver thou dost promise me."

"If it be within my power, and such as a true Christian knight may grant to one of thy people," replied Ivanhoe, "I will grant thy boon blithely and thankfully."

"Nay," answered Rebecca, "I will but pray of thee to believe henceforward that a Jew may do good service to a Christian, without other guerdon than the blessing of the Great Father, who made both Jew and Gentile."

"It were sin to doubt it, maiden," replied Ivanhoe; "and I repose myself on thy skill without further doubt or question, well trusting you will enable me to bear my corslet on the eighth day. And now, my kind leach, let me inquire of the news abroad. What of the noble Saxon Cedric and his household? — what of the lovely Lady ——" He stopt, as if unwilling to speak Rowena's name in the house of a Jew — "Of her, I mean, who was named Queen of the tournament?"

"And who was selected by you, Sir Knight, to hold that dignity, with judgment which was admired as much as your valour," replied Rebecca.

The blood which Ivanhoe had lost did not prevent a flush from crossing his cheek, feeling



that he had incautiously betrayed the interest he had in Rowena by the awkward attempt he had made to conceal it.

“It was less of her I would speak,” said he, “than of Prince John; and I would fain know somewhat of a faithful squire, and why he now attends me not?”

“Let me use my authority as a leach,” answered Rebecca, “and enjoin you to keep silence, and avoid agitating reflections, whilst I apprise you of what you desire to know. Prince John hath broken off the tournament, and set forward in all haste towards York, with the nobles, knights, and churchmen of his party, after collecting such sums as they could wring, by fair means or foul, from those who are esteemed the wealthy of the land. It is said he designs to assume his brother’s crown.”

“Not without a blow struck in its defence,” said Ivanhoe, raising himself upon the couch, “if there were but one true subject in England! I will fight for Richard’s title with the best of them — ay, one to two in his just quarrel.”

“But that you may be able to do so,” said Rebecca, touching his shoulder with her hand, “you must now observe my directions and remain quiet.”



“True, maiden,” said Ivanhoe, “as quiet as these disquieted times will permit — And of Cedric and his household?”

“His steward came but brief while since,” said the Jewess, “panting with haste, to ask my father for certain monies, the price of wool the growth of Cedric’s flocks, and from him I learned that Cedric and Athelstane of Conningsburgh had left the Prince’s lodging in high displeasure, and were about to set forth on their return homeward.”

“Went any lady with them to the banquet?” said Wilfrid.

“The Lady Rowena,” said Rebecca, answering the question with more precision than it had been asked — “The Lady Rowena went not to the Prince’s feast, and, as the steward reported to us, she is now on her journey back to Rotherwood, with her guardian Cedric. And touching your faithful squire Gurth — —”

“Ha!” exclaimed the knight, “knowest thou his name? — But thou dost,” he immediately added, “and well thou may’st, for it was from thy hand, and, as I think, from thine own generosity of spirit, that he received but yesterday an hundred zecchins.”

“Speak not of that,” said Rebecca, blushing



deeply; "I see how easily it is for the tongue to betray what the heart would blithely conceal."

"But this sum of gold," said Ivanhoe gravely, "my honour is concerned in repaying it to your father."

"Let it be as thou wilt," said Rebecca, "when eight days have passed away; but think not, and speak not now, of aught that may retard thy recovery."

"Be it so, kind maiden," said Ivanhoe, "I were most ungrateful to dispute thy commands. But one word of the fate of poor Gurth, and I have done with questioning thee."

"I grieve to tell thee, Sir Knight," answered the Jewess, "that he is in custody by the order of Cedric." — And then observing the distress which her communication gave to Wilfrid, she instantly added, "But the steward Oswald said, that if nothing occurred to renew his master's displeasure against him, he was sure that Cedric would pardon Gurth, a faithful serf, and one who stood high in favour, and who had but committed this error out of the love that he bore to Cedric's son. And he said, moreover, that he and his comrades, and especially Wamba the Jester, were resolved to warn Gurth to make his escape by the way, in case Cedric's ire against him could not be mitigated."



“Would to God they may keep their purpose!” said Ivanhoe; “but it seems as if I were destined to bring ruin on whomsoever hath shewn kindness to me — My king, by whom I was honoured and distinguished, thou see’st that the brother most indebted to him is raising his arms to grasp his crown; — my regard hath brought restraint and trouble on the fairest of her sex; — and now my father in his mood may slay this poor bondsman, but for his love and loyal service to me! — Thou see’st, maiden, what an ill-fated wretch thou dost labour to assist; be wise, and let me go, ere the misfortunes which track my footsteps like slot-hounds, shall involve thee also in their pursuit.”

“Nay,” said Rebecca, “thy weakness and thy grief, Sir Knight, make thee miscalculate the purposes of Heaven. Thou hast been restored to thy country when it most needed the assistance of a strong hand and a true heart, and thou hast humbled the pride of thine enemies, and those of thy king, when their horn was most highly exalted; and for the evil which thou hast sustained, see’st thou not that Heaven has raised thee a helper and physician, even among the most despised of the land? — Therefore be of good courage, and trust that thou art preserved for some marvel which thine arm shall work before this people. Adieu — and having taken



the medicine which I shall send thee by the hand of Reuben, compose thyself again to rest, that thou may'st be the more able to endure the journey on the succeeding day."

Ivanhoe was convinced by the reasoning, and obeyed the directions of Rebecca. The draught which Reuben administered was of a sedative and narcotic quality, and secured the patient sound and undisturbed slumbers. In the morning his kind physician found him entirely free from feverish symptoms, and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was deposited in the horse-litter which had brought him from the lists, and every precaution taken for his travelling with ease. In one circumstance only even the entreaties of Rebecca were unable to secure sufficient attention to the accommodation of the wounded knight. Isaac, like the enriched traveller of Juvenal's tenth satire, had ever the fear of robbery before his eyes, conscious that he would be alike accounted fair game by the marauding Norman noble and by the Saxon outlaw. He therefore journeyed at a great rate, and made short halts, and shorter repasts, so that he passed by Cedric and Athelstane, who had several hours the start of him, but who had been delayed by their protracted feasting at the convent of Saint Withold's. Yet



such was the virtue of Miriam's balsam, or such the strength of Ivanhoe's constitution, that he did not sustain from the hurried journey that inconvenience which his kind physician had apprehended.

In another point of view, however, the Jew's haste proved somewhat more than good speed. The rapidity with which he insisted on travelling, bred several disputes between him and the party whom he had hired to attend him as a guard. These men were Saxons, and not free by any means from the national love of ease and good living which the Normans stigmatized as laziness and gluttony. Reversing Shylock's position, they had accepted the employment in hopes of feeding upon the wealthy Jew, and were very much displeased when they found themselves disappointed, by the rapidity with which he insisted on their proceeding. They remonstrated also upon the risk of damage to their horses by these forced marches. Finally, there arose betwixt Isaac and his satellites a deadly feud, concerning the quantity of wine and ale to be allowed for consumption at each meal. And thus it happened, that when the alarm of danger approached, and that which Isaac feared was likely to come upon him, he was deserted by the discontented mercenaries on whose protection he had relied, without using the means necessary to secure their attachment.



deeply; "I see how easily it is for the tongue to betray what the heart would blithely conceal."

"But this sum of gold," said Ivanhoe gravely, "my honour is concerned in repaying it to your father."

"Let it be as thou wilt," said Rebecca, "when eight days have passed away; but think not, and speak not now, of aught that may retard thy recovery."

"Be it so, kind maiden," said Ivanhoe, "I were most ungrateful to dispute thy commands. But one word of the fate of poor Gurth, and I have done with questioning thee."

"I grieve to tell thee, Sir Knight," answered the Jewess, "that he is in custody by the order of Cedric." — And then observing the distress which her communication gave to Wilfrid, she instantly added, "But the steward Oswald said, that if nothing occurred to renew his master's displeasure against him, he was sure that Cedric would pardon Gurth, a faithful serf, and one who stood high in favour, and who had but committed this error out of the love that he bore to Cedric's son. And he said, moreover, that he and his comrades, and especially Wamba the Jester, were resolved to warn Gurth to make his escape by the way, in case Cedric's ire against him could not be mitigated."



“Would to God they may keep their purpose!” said Ivanhoe; “but it seems as if I were destined to bring ruin on whomsoever hath shewn kindness to me — My king, by whom I was honoured and distinguished, thou see’st that the brother most indebted to him is raising his arms to grasp his crown; — my regard hath brought restraint and trouble on the fairest of her sex; — and now my father in his mood may slay this poor bondsman, but for his love and loyal service to me! — Thou see’st, maiden, what an ill-fated wretch thou dost labour to assist; be wise, and let me go, ere the misfortunes which track my footsteps like slot-hounds, shall involve thee also in their pursuit.”

“Nay,” said Rebecca, “thy weakness and thy grief, Sir Knight, make thee miscalculate the purposes of Heaven. Thou hast been restored to thy country when it most needed the assistance of a strong hand and a true heart, and thou hast humbled the pride of thine enemies, and those of thy king, when their horn was most highly exalted; and for the evil which thou hast sustained, see’st thou not that Heaven has raised thee a helper and physician, even among the most despised of the land? — Therefore be of good courage, and trust that thou art preserved for some marvel which thine arm shall work before this people. Adieu — and having taken



the medicine which I shall send thee by the hand of Reuben, compose thyself again to rest, that thou may'st be the more able to endure the journey on the succeeding day."

Ivanhoe was convinced by the reasoning, and obeyed the directions of Rebecca. The draught which Reuben administered was of a sedative and narcotic quality, and secured the patient sound and undisturbed slumbers. In the morning his kind physician found him entirely free from feverish symptoms, and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was deposited in the horse-litter which had brought him from the lists, and every precaution taken for his travelling with ease. In one circumstance only even the entreaties of Rebecca were unable to secure sufficient attention to the accommodation of the wounded knight. Isaac, like the enriched traveller of Juvenal's tenth satire, had ever the fear of robbery before his eyes, conscious that he would be alike accounted fair game by the marauding Norman noble and by the Saxon outlaw. He therefore journeyed at a great rate, and made short halts, and shorter repasts, so that he passed by Cedric and Athelstane, who had several hours the start of him, but who had been delayed by their protracted feasting at the convent of Saint Withold's. Yet



such was the virtue of Miriam's balsam, or such the strength of Ivanhoe's constitution, that he did not sustain from the hurried journey that inconvenience which his kind physician had apprehended.

In another point of view, however, the Jew's haste proved somewhat more than good speed. The rapidity with which he insisted on travelling, bred several disputes between him and the party whom he had hired to attend him as a guard. These men were Saxons, and not free by any means from the national love of ease and good living which the Normans stigmatized as laziness and gluttony. Reversing Shylock's position, they had accepted the employment in hopes of feeding upon the wealthy Jew, and were very much displeased when they found themselves disappointed, by the rapidity with which he insisted on their proceeding. They remonstrated also upon the risk of damage to their horses by these forced marches. Finally, there arose betwixt Isaac and his satellites a deadly feud, concerning the quantity of wine and ale to be allowed for consumption at each meal. And thus it happened, that when the alarm of danger approached, and that which Isaac feared was likely to come upon him, he was deserted by the discontented mercenaries on whose protection he had relied, without using the means necessary to secure their attachment.



In this deserted condition the Jew, with his daughter and her wounded patient, were found by Cedric, as has already been noticed, and soon afterwards fell into the power of De Bracy and his confederates. Little notice was at first taken of the horse-litter, and it might have remained behind but for the curiosity of De Bracy, who looked into it under the impression that it might contain the object of his enterprise, for Rowena had not unveiled herself. But De Bracy's astonishment was considerable, when he discovered that the litter contained a wounded man, who, conceiving himself to have fallen into the power of Saxon outlaws, with whom his name might be a protection for himself and his friends, frankly avowed himself to be Wilfrid of Ivanhoe.

The ideas of chivalrous honour, which, amidst his wildness and levity, never utterly abandoned De Bracy, prohibited him from doing the knight any injury in his defenceless condition, and equally interdicted his betraying him to Front-de-Bœuf, who would have no scruples to put to death, under any circumstances, the rival claimant of the feof of Ivanhoe. On the other hand, to liberate a rival preferred by the Lady Rowena, as the events of the tournament, and indeed Wilfrid's previous banishment from his father's house, had made matter of notoriety, was



a pitch far above the flight of De Bracy's generosity. A middle course betwixt good and evil was all which he found himself capable of adopting, and he commanded two of his own squires to keep close by the litter, and to suffer no one to approach it. If questioned, they were directed by their master to say, that the empty litter of the Lady Rowena was employed to transport one of their comrades who had been wounded in the scuffle. On arriving at Torquilstone, while the Knight Templar and the lord of that castle were each intent upon their own schemes, the one on the Jew's treasure and the other on his daughter, De Bracy's squires conveyed Ivanhoe, still under the name of a wounded comrade, to a distant apartment. This explanation was accordingly returned by De Bracy's squires to Front-de-Bœuf, when he questioned them why they did not make for the battlements upon the alarm.

“A wounded companion!” he replied in great wrath and astonishment, “no wonder that churls and yeomen wax so presumptuous as even to lay leaguer before castles, and that clowns and swine-herds send defiances to nobles, since men-at-arms have turned sick men's nurses, and Free Companions are grown keepers of dying folk's curtains, when the castle is about to be assailed. — To the battlements, ye loitering villains!” he



exclaimed, raising his stentorian voice till the arches around rung again, „to the battlements, or I will splinter your bones with this truncheon!”

The men sulkily replied, „that they desired nothing better than to go to the battlements, providing Front-de-Bœuf would bear them out with their master, who had commanded them to tend the dying man.”

„The dying man, knaves!” rejoined the Baron; „I promise thee we shall all be dying men an we stand not to it the more stoutly. But I will relieve the guard upon this caitiff companion of yours. — Here, Urfried — hag — fiend of a Saxon witch — hearest me not? — tend me this bed-ridden fellow, since he must needs be tended, whilst these knaves use their weapons. — Here be two arblasts, comrade, with windlaces and quarrells \* — to the barbican with you, and see you drive each bolt through a Saxon brain.”

The men, who, like most of their description, were fond of enterprize, and detested inaction,

---

\* The arblast was a cross-bow, the windlace the machine used in bending that weapon, and the quarrell, so called from its square or diamond-shaped head, was the bolt adapted to it.



went joyfully to the scene of danger as they were commanded, and thus the charge of Ivanhoe was transferred to Urfried, or Ulrica. But she, whose brain was burning with remembrance of injuries and with hopes of vengeance, was readily induced to revolve upon Rebecca the care of her patient.



---

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*Ascend the watch-tower yonder, valiant soldier,  
Look on the field, and say how goes the battle.*

*Schiller's Maid of Orleans.*

---

A MOMENT of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil moments, our prudence at least conceals if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even in a moment when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse and enquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have



been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible, and the questions which she put to the knight concerning his state of health, were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well and better than he could have expected — "Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me dear Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse — his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess."

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now dispatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf — If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him,



and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest," said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst — say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel — say what thou wilt, but bring him — something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded Knight's chamber, which was defeated as we have already seen by the interference of Urfried, who had also been on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the non-success of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for



some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartizans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, — "The quiver rattleth — the glittering spear and the shield — the noise of the captains and the shouting."

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go — If I had but bow to shoot a



shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! — It is in vain — it is in vain — I am alike nerveless and weaponless.”

“Fret not thyself, noble knight,” answered Rebecca; “the sounds have ceased of a sudden — it may be they join not battle.”

“Thou knowest nought of it,” said Wilfrid, impatiently; “this dead pause only shews that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm — it will burst anon in all its fury. — Could I but reach yonder window!”

“Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight,” replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, “I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without.”

“You must not — you shall not!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft —”

“It shall be welcome,” murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window of which they spoke.

“Rebecca, dear Rebecca!” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “this is no maiden’s pastime — do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buck-



ler, and shew as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this



post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been elected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what manner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. — See'st thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," re-



plied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shews as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious enquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca, "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance. — God of Zion, protect us! — What a dreadful sight! — Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. — They raise their bows! — God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "*En avant De Bracy! — Beauseant! Beauseant! — Front-de-Bœuf a la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the con-



and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest," said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst — say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel — say what thou wilt, but bring him — something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded Knight's chamber, which was defeated as we have already seen by the interference of Urfried, who had also been on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the non-success of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for



some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartizans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, — "The quiver rattleth — the glittering spear and the shield — the noise of the captains and the shouting."

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go — If I had but bow to shoot a



shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! — It is in vain — it is in vain — I am alike nerveless and weaponless.”

“Fret not thyself, noble knight,” answered Rebecca; “the sounds have ceased of a sudden — it may be they join not battle.”

“Thou knowest nought of it,” said Wilfrid, impatiently; “this dead pause only shews that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm — it will burst anon in all its fury. — Could I but reach yonder window!”

“Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight,” replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, “I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without.”

“You must not — you shall not!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft —”

“It shall be welcome,” murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window of which they spoke.

“Rebecca, dear Rebecca!” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “this is no maiden’s pastime — do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buck-



ler, and shew as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this



post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been elected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what manner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. — See'st thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," re-



plied Rebecca ; “ but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shews as I tell you.”

“ Seem there no other leaders ? ” exclaimed the anxious enquirer.

“ None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station , ” said Rebecca , “ but, doubtless , the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance. — God of Zion, protect us ! — What a dreadful sight ! — Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank ; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. — They raise their bows ! — God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made ! ”

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, “ Saint George for England ! ” and the Normans answering them with cries of “ *En avant De Bracy ! — Beauseant ! Beauseant ! — Front-de Bœuf a la rescousse !* ” according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the con-



test was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so « wholly together, » that no point at which a defender could shew the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post or might be suspected to be stationed — by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, shewed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only in-



interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

“And I must lie here like a bedridden monk,” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! — Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath — Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.”

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

“What dost thou see, Rebecca?” again demanded the wounded knight.

“Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shot them.”

“That cannot endure,” said Ivanhoe; “if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.”

“I see him not,” said Rebecca.

“Foul craven!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “does



he blench from the helm when the wind blows highst?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbi-can.\* — They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes — His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. — They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are thrust back! — Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

---

\* Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outerwalls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at the barriers of besieged places.



She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

“Look forth again, Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; “the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand — Look again, there is now less danger.”

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, “Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife — Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!” She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, “He is down! — he is down!”

“Who is down?” cried Ivanhoe; “for Our dear Lady’s sake, tell me which has fallen?”

“The Black Knight,” answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness — “But no — but no! — the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men’s strength in his single arm — His sword is broken — he snatches an axe from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow — The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls!”

“Front-de-Bœuf!” exclaimed Ivanhoe.



“Front-de-Bœuf,” answered the Jewess; “his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar — their united force compels the champion to pause — They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.”

“The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?” said Ivanhoe.

“They have — they have — and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other — down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault — Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!”

“Think not of that,” replied Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts. — Who yield? — who push their way?”

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering; “the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles — The besieged have the better.”

“Saint George strike for us,” said the Knight; “do the false yeomen give way?”

“No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe — the



thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle — Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion — he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed."

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes — it is splintered by his blows — they rush in — the out-work is won — Oh God! — they hurl the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat — O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge — the bridge which communicates with the castle — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed — few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle — the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others — Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again — this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," said Rebecca; "our



friends strengthen themselves within the out-work which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfrid, "will surely not abandon an enterprize so gloriously begun and so happily attained. — O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe has rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. — Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*\* — a fetter-lock, and a shackle-bolt on a field sable — what may that mean? — seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further — but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God as-

---

\* *Derring-do* — desperate courage.



soilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! — it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds.”

“Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, “thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat — Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house — I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years captivity to fight one day by that good knight’s side in such a quarrel as this!”

“Alas!” said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, “this impatient yearning after action — this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health — How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?”

“Rebecca,” he replied, “thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry, to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live — the dust of the mellay is the breath of



our nostrils! We live not — we wish to live no longer than while we are victorious and renowned — Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear.”

“Alas!” said the fair Jewess, “and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a dæmon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? — What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled — of all the travail and pain you have endured — of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man’s spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?”

“What remains?” cried Ivanhoe; “Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name.”

“Glory?” continued Rebecca; “alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion’s dim and mouldering tomb — is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim — are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bar-



tered, to become the hero of these ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden, when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! — why, maiden, it is the nurse of pure and high affection — the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant — Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes



Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight, — until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabæus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the proudest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"



She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

“He sleeps,” she said; “nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time? — When yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep! — When the nostril shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and blood-shot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him! — And my father! — oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his grey hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth! — What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah’s wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger’s captivity before a parent’s? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger? — But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!”

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the



wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.



~~~~~

CHAPTER XXX.

*Approach the chamber, look upon his bed.
His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,
Which, as the lark arises to the sky,
Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest dew,
Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and
tears!*

Anselm parts otherwise.

Old Play.

DURING the interval of quiet which followed the first success of the besiegers, while the one party was preparing to follow their advantage, and the other to strengthen their means of defence, the Templar and De Bracy held brief council together in the hall of the castle.

"Where is Front-de-Bœuf?" said the latter, who had superintended the defence of the fortress on the other side; "men say he hath been slain."

“He lives,” said the Templar coolly, “lives as yet; but had he worn the bull’s head of which he bears the name, and ten plates of iron to fence it withal, he must have gone down before yonder fatal axe. Yet a few hours, and Front-de-Bœuf is with his fathers — a powerful limb lopped off Prince John’s enterprize.”

“And a brave addition to the kingdom of Satan,” said De Bracy; “this comes of reviling saints and angels, and ordering images of holy things and holy men to be flung down on the heads of these rascally yeomen.”

“Go to — thou art a fool,” said the Templar; “thy superstition is upon a level with Front-de-Bœuf’s want of faith; neither of you can render a reason for your belief or unbelief.”

“Benedicite, Sir Templar,” replied De Bracy, “I pray you to keep better rule with your tongue when I am the theme of it. By the Mother of Heaven, I am a better Christian man than thou and thy fellowship; for the *bruit* goeth shrewdly out, that the most holy Order of the Temple of Zion nurseth not a few heretics within its bosom, and that Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert is of the number.”

“Care not thou for such reports,” said the Templar; “but let us think of making good the castle. — How fought these villain yeomen on thy side?”

“Like fiends incarnate,” said De Bracy. “They swarmed close up to the walls, headed, as I think, by the knave who won the prize at the archery, for I knew his horn and baldrick. And this is old Fitzurse’s boasted policy, encouraging these malapert knaves to rebel against us! Had I not been armed in proof, the villain had marked me down seven times with as little remorse as if I had been a buck in season. He told every rivet on my armour with a cloth-yard shaft, that rapped against my ribs with as little remorse as if my bones had been of iron — But that I wore a shirt of Spanish mail under my plate-coat, I had been fairly sped.”

“But you maintained your post?” said the Templar. “We lost the outwork on our part.”

“That is a shrewd loss,” said De Bracy; “the knaves will find cover there to assault the castle more closely, and may, if not well watched, gain some unguarded corner of a tower, or some forgotten window, and so break in upon us. Our numbers are too few for the defence of every point, and the men complain that they can nowhere shew themselves, but they are the mark for as many arrows as a parish-butt on a holy-day even. Front-de-Bœuf is dying too, so we shall receive no more aid from his bull’s head and brutal strength. How think you, Sir Brian, were we not better make a virtue of necessity,

and compound with the rogues by delivering up our prisoners?"

"How?" exclaimed the Templar; "deliver up our prisoners, and stand an object alike of ridicule and execration, as the doughty warriors who dared by a night attack to possess themselves of the persons of a party of defenceless travellers, yet could not make good a strong castle against a vagabond troop of outlaws, led by swine-herds, jesters, and the very refuse of mankind? — Shame on thy counsel, Maurice de Bracy! — The ruins of this castle shall bury both my body and my shame, ere I consent to such base and dishonourable composition."

"Let us to the walls, then," said De Bracy carelessly; "that man never breathed, be he Turk or Templar, who held life at lighter rate than I do. But I trust there is no dishonour in wishing I had here some two scores of my gallant troop of Free Companions? — Oh, my brave lances! if ye knew but how hard your captain were this day bested, how soon would I see my banner at the head of your clump of spears! And how short while would these rabble villains stand to endure your encounter!"

"Wish for whom thou wilt," said the Templar, "but let us make what defence we can with the soldiers who remain — They are chiefly Front-de-Bœuf's followers, hated by the Eng-

lish for a thousand acts of insolence and oppression."

"The better," said De Bracy; "the rugged slaves will defend themselves to the last drop of their blood, ere they encounter the revenge of the peasants without. Let us up and be doing, then, Brian de Bois-Guilbert; and, live or die, thou shalt see Maurice de Bracy bear himself this day as a gentleman of blood and lineage."

"To the walls!" answered the Templar; and they both ascended the battlements to do all that skill could dictate, and manhood accomplish, in defence of the place. They readily agreed that the point of greatest danger was that opposite to the out-work, of which the assailants had possessed themselves. The castle indeed was divided from that barbican by the moat, and it was impossible that the besiegers could assail the postern door, with which the out-work corresponded, without surmounting that obstacle; but it was the opinion both of the Templar and De Bracy, that they would endeavour, by a formidable assault, to draw the chief part of the defenders' observation to this point, and take measures to avail themselves of every negligence which might take place in the defence elsewhere. To guard against such an evil, their numbers only permitted the heights to place centinels from space to space along the walls in communication with each

other, who might give the alarm whenever danger was threatened. Meanwhile, they agreed that De Bracy should command the defence at the postern, and the Templar should keep with him a score of men or thereabouts as a body of reserve, ready to haste to any other point which might be suddenly threatened. The loss of the barbican had also this unfortunate effect, that, notwithstanding the superior height of the castle walls, the besieged could not see from them, with the same precision as before, the operations of the enemy; for some straggling underwood approached so near the sally-port of the out-work, that the assailants might introduce into it whatever force they thought proper, not only under cover, but even without the knowledge of the defenders. Utterly uncertain, therefore, upon what point the storm was to burst, De Bracy and his companion were under the necessity of providing against every possible contingency; and their followers, however brave, experienced the anxious dejection of mind incident to men inclosed by enemies, who possessed the power of chusing their time and mode of attack.

Meanwhile, the lord of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. He had not the usual resource of bigots in that superstitious period, most of whom were wont to atone for the crimes they

were guilty of by liberality to the Church, stupefying by this means their remorse by the idea of atonement and forgiveness; and although the refuge which success thus purchased no more resembled the peace of mind which follows on sincere repentance, than the turbid stupefaction procured by opium resembles healthy and natural slumbers, it was still a state of mind preferable to the agonies of awakened remorse. But among the vices of Front-de-Bœuf, a hard and griping man, avarice was predominant; and he preferred setting church and churchmen at defiance, to purchasing from them pardon and absolution at the price of treasure and of manors. Nor did the Templar, an infidel of another stamp, justly characterize his associate, when he said Front-de-Bœuf could assign no cause for his unbelief and contempt for the established faith; for the Baron would have alleged that the Church sold her wares too dear, that the spiritual freedom which she put up to sale was only to be bought like that of the chief captain of Jerusalem, "with a great sum," and Front-de-Bœuf preferred denying the virtue of the medicine, to paying the expense of the physician. But the moment had now arrived when earth and all its treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when his heart, though hard as a nether millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness

of futurity. The fever of his body aided the impatience and agony of his mind, and his death-bed exhibited a mixture of the newly awakened feelings of remorse, combating with the fixed and inveterate obstinacy of his disposition; — a fearful state of mind, only to be equalled in those tremendous regions, where there are complaints without hope, remorse without repentance, a horrid sense of present agony, and a presentiment that it cannot cease or be diminished!

„Where be these dog-priests now,” growled the Baron, „who set such price on their ghostly mummary? — where be all those unshod Carmelites, for whom old Front-de-Bœuf founded the convent of St Anne, robbing his heir of many a fair rood of meadow, and many a fat field and close — where be the greedy hounds now? — Swilling, I warrant me, at the ale, or playing their juggling tricks at the bed-side of some miserly churl. — Me, the heir of their founder — me, whom their foundation binds them to pray for — me — ungrateful villains as they are! — they suffer to die like the houseless dog on yonder common, unshriven and unhouseled! — Tell the Templar to come hither — he is a priest, and may do something — But no! — as well confess myself to the devil as to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who recks neither of heaven nor of hell. — I have heard old men talk of prayer — prayer by their own voice —

such need not to court or to bribe the false priest — But I — I dare not!”

“Lives Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,” said a broken and shrill voice close by his bed-side, “to say there is that which he dares not!”

The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, the voice of one of those demons, who, as the superstition of the times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, “Who is there? — what art thou, that dardest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night-raven? — Come before my couch that I may see thee.”

“I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf,” replied the voice.

“Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou be’st indeed a fiend,” replied the dying knight; “think not that I will blench from thee! — By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me as I have done with mortal dangers, heaven nor hell should say that I shrunk from the conflict!”

“Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf — on rebellion, on rapine, on murder! — Who

stirred up the licentious John to war against his grey-headed father — against his generous brother?"

"Be thou fiend, priest, or devil," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thou liest in thy throat! — Not I stirred John to rebellion — not I alone — there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the midland counties — better men never laid lance in rest — And must I answer for the fault done by fifty? — False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more — let me die in peace if thou be mortal — if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come."

"In peace thou shalt not die," repeated the voice; "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders — on the groans which this castle has echoed — on the blood that is ingrained in its floors!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew — it was merit with heaven to deal with him as I did, else wherefore are men canonized who dip their hands in the blood of Saracens? — The Saxon porkers, whom I have slain, they were the foes of my country, and of my lineage, and of my liege lord. — Ho! ho! thou see'st there is no crevice in my coat of plate — Art thou fled? — art thou silenced?"

“No, foul parricide!” replied the voice; “think of thy father! — think of his death! — think of his banquet-room, flooded with his gore, and by the hand of a son!”

“Ha!” answered the Baron, after a long pause, “an thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil, and as omniscient as the monks call thee! — That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in that of one beside — the temptress, the partaker of my guilt. — Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed — Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature — Go to her — she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder of the deed — let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!”

“She already tastes them,” said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf; “she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is sweetened to see that thou dost partake it. — Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf — roll not thine eyes — clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace! — The hand which, like that of thy renowned ancestor who gained thy name, could have broken with one

stroke the skull of a mountain-bull, is now unnerved and powerless as mine own!"

"Vile murderous hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf, "detestable screech-owl! is it then thou who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?"

"Ay, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is Ulrica! — it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfgang! — it is the sister of his slaughtered sons! — it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame — all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf! — Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine — I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution."

"Detestable fury!" answered Front-de-Bœuf, "that moment shalt thou never witness — Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Maur and Stephen! seize this damned witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong — she has betrayed us to the Saxon. — Ho! Saint Maur! Clement! false-hearted knaves, where tarry ye?"

"Call on them again, valiant Baron," said the hag, with a smile of grisly mockery; "summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon — But know, mighty chief," she continued, suddenly changing her tone,

“thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands. — Listen to these horrid sounds,” for the din of the recommenced assault and defence now rung fearfully loud from the battlements of the castle; “in that war-cry is the downfall of thy house — The blood-cemented fabric of Front-de-Bœuf’s power totters to the foundation, and before the foes he most despised! — The Saxon, Reginald! — the scorned Saxon assails thy walls! — Why liest thou here, like a worn-out hind, when the Saxon storms thy place of strength?”

“Gods and fiends!” exclaimed the wounded knight; “O for one moment’s strength, to drag myself to the mellay, and perish as becomes my name!”

“Think not of it, valiant warrior!” replied she; “thou shalt die no soldier’s death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it.”

“Hateful hag! thou liest,” exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf; “my followers bear them bravely — my walls are strong and high — my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons, were they headed by Hengist and Horsa! — The war-cry of the Templar and of the Free Companions rises high over the conflict! And by mine honour, when we kindle the blazing beacon, for joy of our defence, it shall consume thee, body and

bones; and I shall live to hear thou art gone from earthly fires to those of that hell, which never sent forth an incarnate fiend more utterly diabolical!"

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till the proof reach thee — But, no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage, is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand. — Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapour which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber? — Didst thou think it was but the darkening of thy bursting eyes — the difficulty of thy cumbered breathing? — No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another cause — Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set fire to it? — By heaven thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrica with frightful composure; "and a signal shall soon wave to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them. — Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf! — May Mista, Skogula, and Zernebock, gods of the ancient Saxons — fiends, as the priests now call them — supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes! — But know, if it will give thee com-

fort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast with thyself, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt. — And now, parricide, farewell for ever! — May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue, to echo that title in thine ear!”

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies — “Stephen and Saint Maur! — Clement and Giles! — I burn here unaided! — To the rescue — to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy — it is Front-de-Bœuf who calls! — It is your master, ye traitor squires! — Your ally — your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights! — all the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably! — They hear me not — they cannot hear me — my voice is lost in the din of battle. — The smoke rolls thicker and thicker — the fire has caught upon the floor below — O for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation!” And in the mad phrenzy of despair, the wretch now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now muttered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself. — “The red fire flashes through the

thick smoke!" he exclaimed; "The demon marches against me under the banner of his own element — Foul spirit, avoid! — I go not with thee without my comrades — all, all are thine, that garrison these walls — Thinkest thou, Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go alone? — No — the infidel Templar — the licentious De Bracy — Ulrica, the foul murdering strumpet — the men who aided my enterprizes — the dog Saxons and accursed Jews, who are my prisoners — all, all shall attend me — a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road — Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rung again. "Who laughed there?" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own frenzied laughter from returning upon his ear — "Who laughed there? — Ulrica, was it thou? — Speak, witch, and I forgive thee — for, only thou or the fiend of hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt — avaunt!" — —

But it were impious to trace any farther the picture of the blasphemer and parricide's death-bed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

*Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more,*

Or close the wall up with our English dead!

*— — — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us
here!*

*The mettle of your pasture — let us swear
That you are worth your breeding.*

King Henry V.

CEDRIC, although not greatly confident in Ulrica's message, omitted not to communicate her promise to the Black Knight and Locksley. They were well pleased to find they had a friend within the place, who might, in the moment of need, be able to facilitate their entrance, and readily agreed with the Saxon that a storm, under whatever disadvantages, ought to be attempted, as

the only means of liberating the prisoners now in the hands of the cruel Front-de-Bœuf.

“The royal blood of Alfred is endangered,” said Cedric.

“The honour of a noble lady is in peril,” said the Black Knight.

“And, by the Saint Christopher at my baldric,” said the good yeoman, “were there no other cause than the safety of that poor faithful knave, Wamba, I would jeopard a joint ere a hair of his head were hurt.

“And so would I,” said the Friar; “what, sirs! I trust well that a fool — I mean, d’ye see me, sirs, a fool that is free of his guild and master of his craft, and can give as much relish and flavour to a cup of wine as ever a flitch of bacon can — I say, brethren, such a fool shall never want a wise clerk to pray for or fight for him at a strait, while I can say a mass or flourish a partizan.”

And with that he made his heavy halbert to play around his head, as a shepherd boy flourishes his light crook.

“True, Holy Clerk,” said the Black Knight; “true as if Saint Dunstan himself had said it. — And now, good Locksley, were it not well that noble Cedric should assume the direction of this assault?”

“Not a jot, I,” returned Cedric; “I have

never been wont to study either how to take or how to hold out those abodes of tyrannic power, which the Normans have erected in this groaning land. I will fight among the foremost; but my honest neighbours well know I am not a trained soldier in the discipline of wars, or the attack of strongholds."

"Since it stands thus with noble Cedric," said Locksley, "I am most willing to take on me the direction of the archery; and ye shall hang me up on my own trysting tree, an the defenders be permitted to shew themselves over the walls without being stuck with as many shafts as there are cloves in a gammon of bacon at Christmas."

"Well said, stout yeoman," said the Black Knight; "and if I be thought worthy to have a charge in these matters, and can find among these brave men so many as are willing to follow a true knight, for so I may call myself, I am ready, with such skill as my experience has taught me, to lead them to the attack of these walls."

The parts being thus distributed to the leaders, they commenced the first assault, of which the reader has already heard the issue.

When the barbican was carried, the Sable Knight sent notice of the happy event to Locksley, requesting him, at the same time, to keep such an observation on the castle as might prevent the defenders from combining their force

for a sudden sally, and recovering the out-work which they had lost. This the knight was chiefly desirous of avoiding, conscious that the men whom he led, being hasty and untrained volunteers, imperfectly armed and unaccustomed to discipline, must upon any sudden attack fight at great disadvantage with the veteran soldiers of the Norman knights, who were well provided with arms both defensive and offensive; and who, to match the zeal and high spirit of the besiegers, had all the confidence which arises from perfect discipline and the habitual use of weapons.

The knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed a sort of floating bridge or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in despite of the resistance of the enemy. This was a work of some time, which the leaders the less regretted, as it gave Ulrica time to execute her plan of diversion in their favour, whatever that might be.

But when the raft was completed, "It avails not waiting here longer," said the Black Knight; "the sun is descending to the west — and I have that upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Besides, it is a marvel if the horsemen come not upon us from York, unless we speedily accomplish our purpose. Wherefore, one of ye go to Locksley, and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the opposite side

of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it; and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft endlong across the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and aid me to burst yon sally-port in the main wall of the castle. As many of you as like not this service, or are but ill armed to meet it, do you man the top of the outwork, draw your bow-strings to your ears, and mind you quell with your shot whatever shall appear to man the rampart. — Noble Cedric, wilt thou take the direction of those which remain?"

"Not so, by the soul of Hereward!" said the Saxon; "lead I cannot; but may posterity curse me in my grave, if I follow not with the foremost wherever thou shalt point the way — The quarrel is mine, and well it becomes me to be in the van of the battle."

"Yet, bethink thee, noble Saxon!" said the knight, "thou hast neither hauberk nor corslet, nor aught but that light helmet, target, and sword."

"The better!" answered Cedric; "I shall be the lighter to climb these walls. And, forgive the boast, Sir Knight, thou shalt this day see the naked breast of a Saxon as boldly presented to the battle as ever ye beheld the steel corslet of a Norman."

“In the name of God, then,” said the knight, “fling open the door, and launch the floating bridge.”

The portal, which led from the inner-wall of the barbican to the moat, and which corresponded with a sally-port in the main wall of the castle, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon flashed in the waters, extending its length between the castle and outwork, and forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men abreast to cross the moat. Well aware of the importance of taking the foe by surprise, the Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to thunder with his axe upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones cast by the defenders by the ruins of the former drawbridge, which the Templar had demolished in his retreat from the barbican, leaving the counterprize still attached to the upper part of the portal. The followers of the knight had no such shelter; two were instantly shot with cross-bow bolts, and two more fell into the moat; the others retreated back into the barbican.

The situation of Cedric and of the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been still more so, but for the constancy of the archers in the barbican, who ceased not

to shower their arrows upon the battlements, distracting the attention of those by whom they were manned, and thus affording a respite to their two chiefs from the storm of missiles by which they must have been otherwise overwhelmed. But their situation was eminently perilous, and was becoming more so with every moment.

“Shame on ye all!” cried De Bracy to the soldiers around him; “do ye call yourselves cross-bowmen, and let these two dogs keep their station under the walls of the castle? — Heave over the coping stones from the battlement, an better may not be — Get pick-axe and levers, and down with that huge pinnacle,” pointing to a heavy piece of stone carved-work that projected from the parapet.

At this moment the besiegers caught sight of the red flag upon the angle of the tower which Ulrica had described to Cedric. The good yeoman Locksley was the first who was aware of it, as he was hasting to the outwork, impatient to see the progress of the assault.

“Saint George!” he cried, “Merry Saint George for England! — To the charge, bold yeomen! — why leave ye the good Knight and noble Cedric to storm the pass alone? — Make in, mad Priest, show thou canst fight for thy rosary — Make in, brave yeomen! — the castle is ours, we have friends within — See yonder flag, it is the

appointed signal — Torquilstone is ours! — Think of honour, think of spoil — One effort, and the place is ours.”

With that he bent his good bow, and sent a shaft right through the breast of one of the men-at-arms, who, under De Bracy's direction, was loosening a fragment from one of the battlements to precipitate on the heads of Cedric and the Black Knight. A second soldier caught from the hands of the dying man the iron crow, with which he heaved at and had loosened the stone pinnacle, when, receiving an arrow through his head-piece, he dropped from the battlements into the moat a dead man. The men-at-arms were daunted, for no armour seemed proof against the shot of this tremendous archer.

“Do ye give ground, base knaves!” said De Bracy; “*Mount joye Saint Dennis!* — Give me the lever.”

And, snatching it up, he again assailed the loosened pinnacle, which was of weight enough, if thrown down, not only to have destroyed the remnant of the drawbridge, which sheltered the two foremost assailants, but also to have sunk the rude float of planks over which they had crossed. All saw the danger, and the boldest, even the stout Friar himself, avoided setting foot on the raft. Thrice did Locksley bend his shaft against

De Bracy, and thrice did his arrow bound back from the knight's armour of proof.

“Curse on thy Spanish steel-coat!” said Locksley; “had English smith forged it, these arrows had gone through, an as if it had been silk or sendal.” He then began to call out, “Comrades! friends! noble Cedric! bear back, and let the ruin fall.”

His warning voice was unheard, for the din which the knight himself occasioned by his strokes upon the postern would have drowned twenty war-trumpets. The faithful Gurth indeed sprung forward on the planked bridge to warn Cedric of his impending fate, or to share it with him. But his warning would have come too late; the massive pinnacle already tottered, and De Bracy would have accomplished his purpose, had not the voice of the Templar sounded in his ear.

“All is lost, De Bracy, the castle burns.”

“Thou art mad to say so!” replied the knight.

“It is all in a light flame on the western side. I have striven in vain to extinguish it.”

With the stern coolness which formed the basis of his character, Brian de Bois-Guilbert communicated this hideous intelligence, which was not so calmly received by his astonished comrade.

“Saints of paradise!” said De Bracy; “what is to be done? I vow to Saint Nicholas of Limoges a candlestick of pure gold — —”

“Spare thy vow,” said the Templar, “and mark me. Lead thy men down, as if to a sally; throw the postern gate open — There are but two men who occupy the float, fling them into the moat, and push across for the barbican. I will sally from the main-gate, and attack the barbican on the outside; and if we can regain that post, be assured we shall defend ourselves until we are relieved, or at least they grant us fair quarter.”

“It is well thought upon,” said De Bracy; “I will play my part — Templar, thou wilt not fail me?”

“Hand and glove, I will not!” said Bois-Guilbert. “But haste thee, in the name of God!”

De Bracy hastily drew his men together, and rushed down to the postern gate, which he caused instantly to be thrown open. But scarce was this done ere the portentous strength of the Black Knight forced his way inward in despite of De Bracy and his followers. Two of the foremost instantly fell, and the rest gave way in despite of their leader’s efforts to stop them.

“Dogs!” said De Bracy, “will ye let *two* win our only pass for safety?”

“He is the devil!” said a veteran man-at-arms, bearing back from the blows of their sable antagonist.

“And if he *be* the devil,” replied De Bracy, “would you fly from him into the mouth of hell? — The castle burns behind us, villains! — let despair give you courage, or let me forward, I will cope with this champion myself.”

And well and chivalrously did De Bracy that day maintain the fame he had acquired in the civil wars of that dreadful period. The vaulted passage to which the postern gave entrance, and in which these two redoubted champions were now fighting hand to hand, rung with the furious blows which they dealt each other, De Bracy with his sword, the Black Knight with his ponderous axe. At length the Norman received a blow, which, though its force was partly parried by his shield, for otherwise never more would De Bracy have moved limb, descended yet with such violence on his crest, that he measured his length on the paved floor.

“Yield thee, De Bracy,” said the Black Champion, stooping over him, and holding against the bars of his helmet the fatal poniard with which the knights dispatched their enemies, (and which was called the dagger of mercy,) — “yield thee, Maurice De Bracy, rescue or no rescue, for thou art but a dead man.”

“I will not yield,” replied De Bracy faintly, “to an unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy pleasure on me — it shall never be said that Maurice De Bracy was prisoner to a nameless churl.”

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.

“I yield me to be true prisoner, rescue or no rescue,” answered the Norman, exchanging his tone of stern and determined obstinacy for one of the deepest submission.

“Go to the barbican,” said the victor, in a tone of authority, “and there wait my farther orders.”

“Yet first, let me say,” said De Bracy, “what it imports thee to know — Wilfrid of Ivanhoe is wounded and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help.”

“Wilfrid of Ivanhoe!” exclaimed the Black Knight — “prisoner, and perish! — the life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed — Shew me his chamber.”

“Ascend yonder winding stair — it leads to his apartment — Wilt thou not accept my guidance?”

“No. To the barbican, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Bracy.”

During this combat and the brief conversation which ensued, Cedric, at the head of a body of men, among whom the Friar was conspicuous,

pushed across the bridge so soon as they saw the postern open, and drove back the dispirited and despairing followers of De Bracy, of whom some asked quarter, some offered vain resistance, and the greater part fled towards the court-yard. De Bracy himself arose from the ground, and cast a sorrowful glance after his conqueror. "He trusts me not," he repeated; "but have I deserved his trust?" He then lifted his sword from the floor, took off his helmet in token of submission, and, going to the barbican, gave up his sword to Locksley, whom he met by the way.

As the fire augmented, symptoms of it became soon apparent in the chamber, where Ivanhoe was watched and tended by the Jewess Rebecca. He had been awakened from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle; and his attendant, who had, at his anxious desire, again placed herself at the window to watch and report to him the fate of the attack, was for some time prevented from observing either by the increase of the smouldering and stifling vapour. At length the volumes of smoke which rolled into the apartment — the cries for water, which were heard even above the din of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this new danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca; "it burns — What can we do to save ourselves?"

“Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life,” said Ivanhoe, “for no human aid can avail me.”

“I will not fly,” said Rebecca, “we will be saved or perish together — And yet, great God! — my father, my father — what will be his fate!”

At this moment the door of the apartment flew open, and the Templar presented himself, — a ghastly figure, for his gilded armour was broken and bloody, and the plume was partly shorn away, partly burnt from his casque. “I have found thee,” said he to Rebecca; “thou shalt prove I will keep my word to share weal and woe with thee — There is but one path to safety, I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it to thee — up, and instantly follow me.”

“Alone,” answered Rebecca, “I will not follow thee. If thou wert born of woman — if thou hast but a touch of human charity in thee — if thy heart be not hard as thy breast-plate — save my aged father — save this wounded knight.”

“A knight,” answered the Templar, with his characteristic calmness, “a knight, Rebecca, must encounter his fate whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame — and who recks how or where a Jew meets with his?”

“Savage warrior,” said Rebecca, “rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!”

“Thou shalt not chuse, Rebecca — once didst thou foil me, but never mortal did so twice.”

So saying, he seized on the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks, and bore her out of the room in his arms in spite of her cries, and without regarding the menaces and defiance which Ivanhoe thundered against him. “Hound of the Temple — stain to thine Order — set free the damsel! Traitor of Bois-Guilbert, it is Ivanhoe commands thee! — Villain, I will have thy heart’s-blood.”

“I had not found thee, Wilfrid,” said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, “but for thy shouts.”

“If thou be’st true knight,” said Wilfrid, “think not of me — pursue yon ravisher — save the Lady Rowena — look to the noble Cedric.”

“In their turn,” answered he of the Fetterlock, “but thine is first.”

And seizing upon Ivanhoe, he bore him off with as much ease as the Templar had carried off Rebecca, rushed with him to the postern, and having there delivered his burden to the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

One turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot-hole. But in other parts, the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments, resisted

the progress of the fire, and there the rage of man still triumphed, as the scarce more dreadful element held mastery elsewhere; for the besiegers pursued the defenders of the castle from chamber to chamber, and satiated in their blood the vengeance which had long animated them against the soldiers of the tyrant Front-de-Bœuf. Most of the garrison resisted to the uttermost — few of them asked quarter — none received it. The air was filled with groans and clashing of arms — the floors were slippery with the blood of despairing and expiring wretches.

Through this scene of confusion, Cedric rushed in quest of Rowena, while the faithful Gurth, following him closely through the mellay, neglected his own safety while he strove to avert the blows that were aimed at his master. The noble Saxon was so fortunate as to reach his ward's apartment just as she had abandoned all hope of safety, and, with a crucifix clasped in agony to her bosom, sate in expectation of instant death. He committed her to the charge of Gurth, to be conducted in safety to the bar-bican, the road to which was now cleared of the enemy, and not yet interrupted by the flames. This accomplished, the loyal Cedric hastened in quest of his friend Athelstane, determined at every risk to himself to save that last scion of Saxon royalty. But ere Cedric penetrated as far

as the old hall in which he had himself been a prisoner, the inventive genius of Wamba had procured liberation for himself and his companion in adversity.

When the noise of the conflict announced that it was at the hottest, the Jester began to shout, with the utmost power of his lungs, "Saint George and the dragon! — Bonny Saint George for merry England! — The castle is won!" And these sounds he rendered yet more fearful, by banging against each other two or three pieces of rusty armour which lay scattered around the hall.

A guard, which had been stationed in the outer, or anti-room, and whose spirits were already in a state of alarm, took fright at Wamba's clamour, and leaving the door open behind them, ran to tell the Templar that foemen had entered the old hall. Meantime the prisoners found no difficulty in making their escape into the anti-room, and from thence into the court of the castle, which was now the last scene of contest. Here sat the fierce Templar, mounted on horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison both on horse and foot, who had united their strength to that of this renowned leader, in order to secure the last chance of safety and retreat which remained to them. The draw-bridge had been lowered by his orders, but the passage was beset;

for the archers, who had hitherto only annoyed the castle on that side by their missiles, no sooner saw the flames breaking out, and the bridge lowered, than they thronged to the entrance, as well to prevent the escape of the garrison, as to secure their own share of booty ere the castle should be burnt down. On the other hand, those of the besiegers who had entered by the postern were now issuing out into the court-yard, and attacking with fury the remnant of the defenders, who were thus attacked on both sides at once.

Animated, however, by despair, and supported by the example of their indomitable leader, the remaining soldiers of the castle fought with the utmost valour; and, being well armed, succeeded more than once in driving back the assailants, though much inferior in numbers. Rebecca, placed on horseback before one of the Templar's Saracen slaves, was in the midst of the little party; and Bois-Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion of the bloody fray, shewed every attention to her safety. Repeatedly he was by her side, and, neglecting his own defence, held before her the fence of his triangular steel-plated shield; and anon starting from her side, he cried his war-cry, dashed forward, struck to earth the most forward of the assailants, and was on the same instant once more at her bridle rein.

Athelstane, who, as the reader knows, was sloth-

ful, but not cowardly, beheld the female form whom the Templar protected thus sedulously, and doubted not that it was Rowena whom the knight was carrying off, in despite of all resistance which could be offered.

“By the soul of Saint Edward,” he said, “I will rescue her from yonder over-proud knight, and he shall die by my hand!”

“Think what you do,” said Wamba; “the hasty hand catches frog for fish — by my bauble, yonder is none of my Lady Rowena — see but her long dark locks! — Nay, an ye will not know black from white, ye may be leader, but I will be no follower — no bones of mine shall be broken unless I know for whom. — And you without armour too! — Bethink you, silk bonnet never kept out steel blade — Nay, then, if wilful will to water, wilful must drench. — *Deus vobiscum*, most doughty Athelstane” — he concluded, loosening the hold which he had hitherto kept upon the Saxon’s tunic.

To snatch a mace from the pavement, on which it lay beside one whose dying grasp had just relinquished it — to rush on the Templar’s band, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, levelling a warrior at each blow, was, for Athelstane’s great strength, now animated with unusual fury, but the work of a single moment;

he was soon within two yards of Bois - Guilbert, whom he defied in his loudest tone.

“Turn, false-hearted Templar! — let go her whom thou art unworthy to touch — turn, limb of a band of murdering robbers!”

“Dog!” said the Templar, grinding his teeth, “I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy order of the Temple of Zion;” and with these words, half-wheeling his steed, he made a demi-courbette towards the Saxon, and rising in the stirrups, so as to take full advantage of the descent of the horse, he discharged a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstane.

Well said Wamba, that silken bonnet keeps out no steel blade. So trenchant was the Templar’s weapon, that it shore asunder, as it had been a willow twig, the tough and plaited handle of the mace, which the ill-fated Saxon reared to parry the blow, and, descending on his head, levelled him with the earth.

“*Ha! Beau-seant!*” exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, “thus be it to the maligners of the Temple-knights!” Taking advantage of the dismay which was spread by the fall of Athelstane, and calling aloud, “Those who would save themselves, follow me!” he pushed over the draw-bridge, dispersing the archers who would have intercepted them. He was followed by his Saracens, and

some five or six men-at-arms, who had mounted their horses. The Templar's retreat was rendered perilous by the numbers of arrows shot off at him and his party; but this did not prevent him from galloping round to the barbican, of which according to his previous plan, he supposed it possible De Bracy might have been in possession.

«De Bracy! De Bracy!» he shouted, «art thou there?»

«I am here,» replied De Bracy, «but I am a prisoner.»

«Can I rescue thee?» cried Bois-Guilbert.

«No,» replied De Bracy; «I have rendered me, rescue or no rescue. I will be true prisoner, Save thyself — there are hawks abroad — put the seas betwixt you and England — I dare not say more.»

«Well,» answered the Templar, «an thou wilt tarry there, remember I have redeemed word and glove. Be the hawks where they will, methinks the walls of the Preceptory of Templestowe will be cover sufficient; and thither will I, like heron to her haunt.»

Having thus spoken, he galloped off, with his followers.

Those of the castle who had not gotten to horse, still continued to fight desperately against

the besiegers, after the departure of the Templar, but rather in despair of quarter than that they entertained any hope of escape. The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore chaunted on the field of battle by the scalds of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chaunted wildly amid that scene of fire and of slaughter: —

1.

Whet the bright steel,
 Sons of the White Dragon!
 Kindle the torch
 Daughter of Hengist!
 The steel glimmers not for the carving of the
 banquet,

It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
 The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
 It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
 Whet the steel, the raven croaks!
 Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling!
 Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
 Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

2.

The black clouds are low over thethane's castle;
 The eagle screams — he rides on their bosom.
 Scream not, grey rider of the sable cloud,
 Thy banquet is prepared!
 The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
 The race of Hengist will send them guests.
 Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla!
 And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
 Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
 Many a helmed head.

3.

Dark sits the evening upon thethane's castle,
 The black clouds gather round;
 Soon shall they be red as the blood of the va-
 liant!

The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest
 against them,
 He, the bright consumer of palaces,
 Broad waves he his blazing banner,
 Red, wide, and dusky,
 Over the strife of the valiant;
 His joy is in the clashing swords and broken
 bucklers;
 He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts
 warm from the wound!

4.

All must perish!
 The sword cleaveth the helmet;
 The strong armour is pierced by the lance;
 Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
 Engines break down the fences of the battle.
 All must perish!
 The race of Hengist is gone —
 The name of Horsa is no more!
 Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the
 sword!
 Let your blades drink blood like wine;
 Feast ye the banquet of slaughter,
 By the light of the blazing halls!
 Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
 And spare neither for pity nor fear,

For vengeance hath but an hour ;
Strong hate itself shall expire !
I also must perish.

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction , and rose to the evening-skies one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down , with blazing roof and rafter ; and the combatants were driven from the court-yard. The vanquished , of whom very few remained , scattered and escaped into the neighbouring wood. The victors , assembling in large bands , gazed with wonder , not unmixed with fear , upon the flames , in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red. The maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen , tossing her arms abroad with wild exultation , as if she reigned empress of the conflagration which she had raised. At length , with a terrific crash , the whole turret gave way , and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tyrant. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of the armed spectators , who , for the space of several minutes , stirred not a finger , save to sign the cross. The voice of Locksley was then heard , " Shout , yeomen ! — the den of tyrants is no more ! Let each

bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous
at the Trysting-tree in the Harthill-walk; for
there at break of day will we make just partition
among our own bands, together with our worthy
allies in this great deed of vengeance."

CHAPTER XXXII.

*Trust me, each state must have its policies:
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.*

Old Play.

THE day-light had dawned upon the glades of the oak forest. The green boughs glittered with all their pearls of dew. The hind led her fawn from the covert of high fern to the more open walks of the green-wood; and no huntsman was there to watch or intercept the stately hart, as he paced at the head of the antler'd herd.

The outlaws were all assembled around the Trysting-tree in the Harthill-walk, where they

had spent the night in refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the siege, some with wine, some with slumber, many with hearing and recounting the events of the day, and computing the heaps of plunder which their success had placed at the disposal of their Chief.

The spoils were indeed very large; for, notwithstanding that much was consumed, a great deal of plate, rich armour, and splendid clothing, had been secured by the exertions of the dauntless outlaws, who could be appalled by no danger when such rewards were in view. Yet so strict were the laws of their society, that no one ventured to appropriate any part of the booty, which was brought into one common mass to be at the disposal of their leader.

The place of rendezvous was an aged oak; not however the same to which Locksley had conducted Gurth and Wamba in the earlier part of the story, but one which was the centre of a sylvan amphitheatre, within half a mile of the demolished castle of Torquilstone. Here Locksley assumed his seat — a throne of turf erected under the twisted branches of the huge oak, and his sylvan followers were gathered around him. He assigned to the Black Knight a seat at his right hand, and to Cedric a place upon his left.

« Pardon my freedom, noble sirs, » he said; but in these glades I am monarch — they are

my kingdom; and these my wild subjects would reckon but little of my power, were I, within my own dominions, to yield place to mortal man. — Now, sirs, who hath seen our chaplain? where is our curtal Friar? A mass amongst Christian men best begins a busy morning." — No one had seen the Clerk of Copmanhurst. — "Over gods forebode," said the outlaw Chief, "I trust the jolly priest hath but abidden by the wine-pot a thought too late. Who saw him since the castle was ta'en?"

"I," quoth the Miller, "marked him busy about the door of a cellar, swearing by each saint in the calendar he would taste the smack of Front-de-Bœuf's Gasconne wine."

"Now, the saints, as many as there be of them," said the Captain, "forefend, lest he has drunk too deep of the wine-butts, and perished by the fall of the castle! — Away, Miller! — Take with you enow of men, seek the place where you last saw him — throw water from the moat on the scorching ruins — I will have them removed stone by stone ere I lose my curtal Friar."

The numbers who hastened to execute this duty, considering that an interesting division of spoil was about to take place, showed how much the troop had at heart the safety of their spiritual father.

"Meanwhile, let us proceed," said Locksley;

“for when this bold deed shall be sounded abroad, the bands of De Bracy, of Malvoisin, and other allies of Front-de-Bœuf, will be in motion against us, and it were well that we proceed in time for our safety. — Noble Cedric,” he said, turning to the Saxon, “that spoil is divided into two portions; do thou make choice of that best suits thee, to recompence thy people who were partakers with us in this adventure.”

“Good yeoman,” said Cedric, “my heart is oppressed with sadness. The noble Athelstane of Conningsburgh is no more — the last sprout of the sainted Confessor! Hopes have perished with him which can never return! — A sparkle hath been quenched by his blood, which no human breath can again rekindle! My people, save the few who are now with me, do but tarry my presence to transport his honoured remains to their last mansion. The Lady Rowena is desirous to return to Rotherwood, and must be escorted by a sufficient force. I should, therefore, ere now, have left this place; and I waited — not to share the booty, for, so help me God and Saint Withold! as neither I nor any of mine will touch the value of a liard, — I waited but to render my thanks to thee and to thy bold yeomen, for the life and honour ye have saved.”

“Nay, but,” said the chief Outlaw, “we did but half the work at most — take of the spoil

what may reward your own neighbours and followers."

"I am rich enough to reward them from mine own wealth," answered Cedric.

"And some," said Wamba, "have been wise enough to reward themselves; they do not march off empty-handed altogether. We do not all wear motley."

"They are welcome," said Locksley; "our laws bind but ourselves."

"But thou, my poor knave," said Cedric, turning about and embracing his Jester, "how shall I reward thee, who feared not to give thy body to chains and death instead of mine! — All forsook me, when the poor fool was faithful!"

A tear stood in the eye of the rough Thane as he spoke — a mark of feeling which even the death of Athelstane had not extracted; but there was something in the half-instinctive attachment of his clown, that waked his nature more keenly than even grief itself.

"Nay," said the Jester, extricating himself from his master's caress, "if you pay my service with the water of your eye, the Jester must weep for company, and then what becomes of his vocation? — But, uncle, if you would indeed pleasure me, I pray you to pardon my playfellow Gurth, who stole a week from your service to bestow it on your son."

“Pardou him!” exclaimed Cedric; “I will both pardon and reward him. — Kneel down, Gurth.” — The swine-herd was in an instant at his master’s feet. — THEOW and ESNE art thou no longer,” said Cedric, touching him with a wand; “FOLK-FREE and SACLESS art thou in town and from town, in the forest as in the field. A hyde of land I give to thee in my steads of Walbrugham, from me and mine to thee and thine aye and for ever; and God’s malison on his head who this gainsays!”

No longer a serf, but a freeman and a landholder, Gurth sprung upon his feet, and twice bounded aloft to almost his own height from the ground.

“A smith and a file,” he cried, “to do away the collar from the neck of a freeman! — Noble master! doubled is my strength by your gift, and doubly will I fight for you! — There is a free spirit in my breast — I am a man changed to myself and all around. — Ha, Fangs!” he continued, — for that faithful cur, seeing his master thus transported, began to jump upon him, to express his sympathy, — “knowest thou thy master still?”

“Ay,” said Wamba, “Fangs and I still know thee, Gurth, though we must needs abide by the collar; it is only thou who art likely to forget both us and thyself.”

“I shall forget myself indeed ere I forget thee, true comrade,” said Gurth; “and were freedom fit for thee, Wamba, the master would not let thee want it.”

“Nay,” said Wamba, “never think I envy thee, brother Gurth; the serf sits by the hall-fire when the freeman must forth to the field — And what saith Oldhelm of Malmsbury — Better a fool at a feast than a wise man at a fray.”

The tramp of horses was now heard, and the Lady Rowena appeared, surrounded by several riders, and a much stronger party of footmen, who joyfully shook their pikes and clashed their brown-bills for joy of her freedom. She herself, richly attired, and mounted on a dark chesnut palfrey, had recovered all the dignity of her manner, and only an unwonted degree of paleness shewed the sufferings she had undergone. Her lovely brow, though sorrowful, bore on it a cast of reviving hope referring to the future, as well as of grateful thankfulness for the past deliverance — She knew that Ivanhoe was safe, and she knew that Athelstane was dead. The former assurance filled her with the most sincere delight; and if she did not rejoice at the other, she might be pardoned for feeling the full advantage of being freed from further persecution on the only subject in which she had ever been contradicted by her guardian Cedric.

As Rowena bent her steed toward Locksley's seat, that bold yeoman, with all his followers, rose to receive her as if by a general instinct of courtesy. The blood rose to her cheeks, as, courteously waving her hand, and bending so low that her beautiful and loose tresses were for an instant mixed with the flowing mane of her palfrey, she expressed in few but apt words her obligations and her gratitude to Locksley and her other deliverers. — "God bless you, brave men," she concluded, "God and Our Lady bless you, and requite you for gallantly periling yourselves in the cause of the oppressed! — If any of you should hunger, remember Rowena has food — if you should thirst, she has many a butt of wine and brown ale — and if the Normans drive ye from these walks, Rowena has forests of her own, where her gallant deliverers may range at full freedom."

"Thanks, gentle lady," said Locksley, "thanks from my company and myself. But, to have saved you requites itself. We who walk the greenwood do many a wild deed, and the Lady Rowena's deliverance may be received as an atonement."

Again bowing from her palfrey, Rowena turned to depart; but, pausing a moment, while Cedric, who was to attend her, was also taking his leave, she found herself unexpectedly close by the prisoner De Bracy. He stood under a tree in

deep meditation, his arms crossed upon his breast, and Rowena was in hopes she might pass him unobserved. He looked up, however, and, when aware of her presence, a deep flush of shame suffused his handsome countenance. He stood a moment most irresolute; then, stepping forward, took her palfrey by the rein, and bent his knee before her.

“Will the Lady Rowena deign to cast an eye on a captive knight — on a dishonoured soldier?”

“Sir Knight,” answered Rowena, “in enterprises such as yours, the real dishonour lies not in failure, but in success.”

“Conquest, lady, should soften the heart,” answered De Bracy; “let me but know that the Lady Rowena forgives the violence occasioned by an ill-fated passion, and she shall soon learn that De Bracy knows how to serve her in nobler ways.”

“I forgive you, Sir Knight, but it is as a Christian.”

“That means,” said Wamba, “that she does not forgive him at all.”

“But I can never forgive the misery and desolation your madness has occasioned,” continued Rowena.

“Unloose your hold on the lady’s rein,” said Cedric, coming up. “By the bright sun above us, but it were shame, I would pin thee to the

earth with my javelin! — but be well assured, thou shalt smart, Maurice De Bracy, for thy share in this foul deed.”

“He threatens safely who threatens a prisoner,” said De Bracy; “but when had a Saxon any touch of courtesy?”

Then retiring two steps backward, he permitted the lady to move on.

Cedric, ere they departed, expressed his peculiar gratitude to the Black Champion, and earnestly entreated him to accompany him to Rotherwood.

“I know,” he said, “that ye errant knights desire to carry your fortunes on the point of your lance, and reck not of lands or goods; but war is a changeful mistress, and a home is sometimes desirable even to the champion whose trade is wandering. Thou hast earned one in the halls of Rotherwood, noble knight. Cedric has wealth enough to repair the injuries of fortune, and all he has is his deliverer’s — Come, therefore, to Rotherwood, not as a guest, but as a son or brother.”

“Cedric has already made me rich,” said the Knight, — “he has taught me the value of Saxon virtue. To Rotherwood will I come, brave Saxon, and that speedily; but, as now, pressing matters momentarily detain me from your halls. Perad-

venture, when I come hither, I will ask such a boon as will put even thy generosity to the test."

"It is granted ere spoken out," said Cedric, striking his ready hand into the gauntleted palm of the Black Knight, — "it is granted already, were it to affect half my fortune."

"Gage not thy promise so lightly," said the Knight of the Fetterlock; "yet well I hope to gain the boon I shall ask — meanwhile adieu."

"I have but to say," added the Saxon, "that, during the funeral rites of the noble Athelstane, I shall be an inhabitant of the halls of his castle of Conningsburgh — They will be open to all who chuse to partake of the funeral banquetting; and I speak in name of the noble Edith, mother of the fallen prince — they will never be shut against him who laboured so bravely, though unsuccessfully, to save Athelstane from Norman chains and Norman steel."

"Ay, ay," said Wamba, who had resumed his attendance on his master, "rare feeding there will be — pity that the noble Athelstane cannot banquet at his own funeral. — But he," continued the Jester, lifting up his eyes gravely, "is supping in Paradise, and doubtless does honour to the cheer."

"Peace, and move on," said Cedric, his anger at this untimely jest being checked by the re-

collection of Wamba's recent services. Rowena waved a graceful adieu to him of the Fetterlock — the Saxon bad God speed him, and on they moved through a wide glade of the forest.

They had scarce departed, ere a sudden procession moved from under the greenwood branches, swept slowly round the sylvan amphitheatre, and took the same direction with Rowena and her followers. The priests of a neighbouring convent, in expectation of the ample donation, or *sout-scat*, which Cedric had propined, attended upon the car in which the body of Athelstane was laid, and sang hymns as it was sadly and slowly borne on the shoulders of his vassals to his castle of Conningsburgh, to be there deposited in the grave of Hengist, from whom the deceased derived his long descent. Many of his vassals had assembled at the news of his death, and followed the bier with all the external marks, at least, of dejection and sorrow. Again the outlaws arose, and paid the same rude and spontaneous homage to death, which they had so lately rendered to beauty — the slow chaunt and mournful step of the priests, brought back to their remembrance such of their comrades as had fallen in the yesterday's affray. But such recollections dwell not long with those who lead a life of danger and enterprize, and ere the sound of the death-hymn had died on the

wind, the outlaws were again busied in the distribution of their spoil.

“Valiant knight,” said Locksley to the Black Champion, “without whose good heart and mighty arm our enterprize must altogether have failed, will it please you to take from that mass of spoil whatsoever may best serve to pleasure you, and to remind you of this my Trysting-tree?”

“I accept the offer,” said the Knight, “as frankly as it is given; and I ask permission to dispose of Sir Maurice de Bracy at my own pleasure.”

“He is thine already,” said Locksley; “and well for him! else the tyrant had graced the highest bough of this oak, with as many of his Free Companions as we could gather, hanging thick as acorns around him. — But he is thy prisoner, and he is safe, though he had slain my father.”

“Bracy,” said the Knight, “thou art free — depart. He whose prisoner thou art scorns to take mean revenge for what is passed. But beware of the future, lest a worse thing befall thee — Maurice de Bracy, I say beware!”

De Bracy bowed low and in silence, and was about to withdraw, when the yeomen burst at once into a shout of execration and derision. The proud knight instantly stopped, turned back,

folded his arms, drew up his form to its full height, and exclaimed, "Peace, ye yelping curs! who open upon a cry which ye followed not when the stag was at bay — De Bracy scorns your censure as he would disdain your applause. To your brakes and caves, ye outlawed thieves! and be silent when aught knightly or noble is but spoken within a league of your fox-earths."

This ill-timed defiance might have procured for De Bracy a volley of arrows, but for the hasty interference of the outlaw Chief. Meanwhile the knight caught a horse by the rein, for several which had been taken in the stables of Front-de-Bœuf stood accoutred around, and were a valuable part of the booty. He threw himself upon the saddle, and galloped off through the wood.

When the bustle occasioned by this incident was somewhat composed, the chief Outlaw took from his neck the rich horn and baldric which he had recently gained at the strife of archery near Ashby.

"Noble knight," he said to him of the Fetterlock, "if you disdain not to grace by your acceptance a bugle which I have once worn, this I will pray you to keep as a memorial of your gallant bearing — and if ye have aught to do, and as bappeneth oft to a gallant knight, ye chance to be hard bested in any forest between Trent and

Tees, wind three mots * upon the horn thus, *Wa-sa-hoa!* and it may well chance ye shall find helpers and rescue."

He then gave breath to the bugle, and wind-ed once and again the call which he described, until the knight had caught the notes.

"Gramercy for the gift, bold yeoman," said the knight; "and better help than thine and thy rangers would I never seek, were it at my utmost need." And then in his turn he winded the call till all the greenwood rang.

"Well blown and clearly," said the yeoman; "beshrew me an thou knowest not as much of woodcraft as of war! — thou hast been a striker of deer in thy day, I warrant. — Comrades, mark these three mots — it is the call of the Knight of the Fetterlock; and he who hears it, and hastens not to serve him at his need, I will have him scourged out of our band with his own bow-string."

"Long live our leader!" shouted the yeomen, "and long live the Black Knight of the Fetter-

* The notes upon the bugle were anciently called mots, and are distinguished in the old treatises on hunting, not by musical characters, but by written words.

lock! — May he soon use our service, to prove how readily it will be paid!”

Locksley now proceeded to the distribution of the spoil, which he performed with the most laudable impartiality. A tenth part of the whole was set apart for the church, and for pious uses; a portion was next allotted to a sort of public treasury; a part was assigned to the widows and children of those who had fallen, or to be expended in masses for the souls of such as had left no surviving family. The rest was divided amongst the outlaws, according to their rank and merit; and the judgment of the Chief, on all such doubtful questions as occurred, was delivered with great shrewdness, and received with absolute submission. The Black Knight was not a little surprised to find that men, in a state so lawless, were nevertheless among themselves so regularly and equitably governed, and all that he observed added to his opinion of the justice and judgment of their leader.

When each had taken his own proportion of the booty, and while the treasurer, accompanied by four tall yeomen, was transporting that belonging to the state to some place of concealment or of security, the portion devoted to the church still remained unappropriated.

“I would,” said the leader, “we could hear tidings of our joyous chaplain — he was never

wont to be absent when meat was to be blessed, or spoil to be parted; and it is his duty to take care of these the tithes of our successful enterprise. Also, I have a holy brother of his a prisoner at no great distance, and I would have the Friar to help me to deal with him in due sort — I greatly misdoubt the safety of the bluff priest.”

“I were right sorry for that,” said the Knight of the Fetterlock, “for I stand indebted to him for the joyous hospitality of a merry night in his cell. Let us to the ruins of the castle: it may be we shall there learn some tidings of him.”

While they thus spoke, a loud shout among the yeomen announced the arrival of him for whom they feared, as they learned from the stentorian voice of the Friar himself, long before they saw his burley person.

“Make room, my merry men!” he exclaimed; “room for your godly father and his prisoner — Cry welcome once more. — I come, noble leader, like an eagle, with my prey in my clutch.” — And making his way through the ring, amidst the laughter of all around, he appeared in majestic triumph, his huge partizan in one hand, and in the other a halter, one end of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate Isaac of York, who, bent down by sorrow and terror, was dragged on by the victorious priest. — “Where is Allen-a-Dale, to chronicle me in ballad or a

lay? — By Saint Hermangild, the jingling crowder is ever out of the way when there is an apt theme for exalting valour!”

“Curtal Priest,” said the Captain, “thou hast been at a wet mass this morning, as early as it is. In the name of Saint Nicholas, whom hast thou got here?”

“A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble Captain,” replied the Clerk of Copmanhurst; “to my bow and to my halbert, I should rather say; and yet I have redeemed him by my divinity from a worse captivity. Speak, Jew, — have I not ransomed thee from Sathanas? have I not taught thee thy creed, thy *pater*, and thine *Ave Maria*? — Did I not spend the whole night in drinking to thee, and in expounding of mysteries?”

“For the love of God!” ejaculated the poor Jew, “will no one take me out of the keeping of this mad — I mean this holy man?”

“How’s this, Jew?” said the Friar, with a menacing aspect; “dost thou recant, Jew? — Bethink thee, if thou dost relapse into thine infidelity, though thou art not so tender as a sucking pig — I would I had one to break my fast upon — thou art not too tough to be roasted! Be conformable, Isaac, and repeat the words after me. *Ave Maria*! — —”

“Nay, we will have no profanation, mad

priest," said Locksley; "let us rather hear where you found this prisoner of thine."

"By Saint Dunstan," said the Friar, "I found him where I sought for better ware. I did step into the cellarage to see what might be rescued there; for though a cup of burnt wine, with spice, be an evening's draught for an Emperor, it were waste, methought, to let so much good liquor be mulled at once; and I had caught up one runlet of sack, and was coming to call more aid among these lazy knaves, who are ever to seek when a good deed is to be done, when I was advised of a strong door — Aha! thought I, here is the choicest juice of all in this secret crypt; and the knave butler, being disturbed in his vocation, hath left the key in the door — In therefore I went, and found just nought, besides a commodity of rusted chains and this dog of a Jew, who presently rendered himself my prisoner, rescue or no rescue. I did but refresh myself, after the fatigue of the action, with the unbeliever, with one humming cup of sack, and was proceeding to lead forth my captive, when, crash after crash, as with wild thunder-dint and levin-fire, down toppled the masonry of an outer tower, (marry beshrew their hands that built it not the firmer!) and blocked up the passage. The roar of one falling tower followed another — I gave up thought of life; and deeming it a dis-

honour to one of my profession to pass out of this world in company with a Jew, I heaved up my halbert to beat his brains out; but I took pity on his grey hairs, and deemed it better to lay down the partizan, and take up my spiritual weapons for his conversion. And truly, by the blessing of Saint Dunstan, the seed has been sown in good soil; only that, with speaking to him of mysteries through the whole night (for the few draughts of sack which I sharpened my wits with were not worth marking) my head is well nigh dizzied, I trow. — But I was clean exhausted — Gilbert and Wibbald know in what state they found me — quite and clean exhausted.”

“We can bear witness,” said Gilbert; “for when we had cleared away the ruin, and by Saint Dunstan’s help lighted upon the dungeon stair, we found the runlet of sack half empty, the Jew half dead, and the Friar more than half exhausted, as he calls it.”

“Ye be knaves! ye lie!” retorted the offended Friar; “it was you and your gormandizing companions that drank up the sack, and called it your morning draught — I am a pagan, an’ I kept it not for the Captain’s own throat. But what recks it? The Jew is converted, and understands all I have told him, very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself.”

“Jew,” said the Captain, “is this true? hast thou renounced thine unbelief?”

“May I so find mercy in your eyes,” said the Jew, “as I know not one word which the reverend prelate spake to me all this fearful night. Alas! I was so distraught with agony, and fear, and grief, that had our holy father Abraham come to preach to me, he had found but a deaf listener.”

“Thou liest, Jew, and thou knowest thou dost,” said the Friar; “I will remind thee but of one word of our conference — thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our holy Order.”

“So help me the promise, fair sirs,” said Isaac, more alarmed than even before, “as no such sounds ever crossed my lips! Alas! I am an aged beggar’d man — I fear me a childless — have ruth on me, and let me go!”

“Nay,” said the Friar, “if thou dost retract vows made in favour of holy Church, thou must do penance.”

Accordingly he raised his halbert, and would have laid the staff of it lustily on the Jew’s shoulders, had not the Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the Holy Clerk’s resentment to himself.

“By Saint Thomas of Kent,” said he, “an I

buckle to my gear, I will teach thee to mell with thine own matters, maugre thine iron case there."

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the knight; "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and comrade."

"I know no such thing," answered the Friar, "and defy thee for a meddling cocks-comb."

"Nay, but," said the knight, who seemed to take a pleasure in provoking his quondam host, "hast thou forgotten how, that for my sake, (for I say nothing of the temptation of the flagon and the pasty,) thou didst break thy vow of fast and vigil?"

"Truly, friend," said the Friar, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee."

"I accept of no such presents," said the knight; "I will repay thee with usury as deep as ever thy prisoner there exacted in his traffic."

"I will prove that presently," said the Friar.

"Hola!" cried the Captain, "what art thou after, mad Friar? brawling beneath our Trysting-tree?"

"No brawling," said the knight, "it is but a friendly interchange of courtesy. — Friar, strike an thou darest — I will stand thy blow, if thou wilt stand mine."

"Thou hast the advantage with that iron-pot on thy head," said the churchman; "but have

at thee — Down thou goest, an thou wert Goliath of Gath in his brazen helmet.”

The Friar bared his brawny arm up to the elbow, and giving his full strength to the blow, gave the knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. Bnt his adversary stood firm as a rock. A loud shout was uttered by all the yeomen around.

“Now, Priest,” said the knight, pulling off his gauntlet, “if I had vantage on my head, I will have none on my hand — stand fast as a true man.”

“*Genam meam dedi vapulatori* — I have given my cheek to the smiter,” said the Priest; “an thou canst stir me from the spot, fellow, I will give thee the Jew’s ransom.”

So spoke the burley priest, assuming, on his part, high defiance. But who may resist his fate? The buffet of the knight was given with such strength and good will, that the Friar rolled head over heels upon the plain, to the great amazement of all the spectators. But he arose neither angry nor crest-fallen.

“Brother,” said he to the knight, “thou should’st have used thy strength with more discretion. I had mumbled but a lame mass an thou hadst broken my jaw, for the piper plays ill that wants the nether chops. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness that I will ex-

change no more cuffs with thee, having been a loser by the barter. End now all unkindness. Let us put the Jew to ransom, since the leopard will not change his spots, and a Jew he will continue to be."

"The Priest," said Clement, "is not half so confident of the Jew's conversion, since he received that buffet on the ear."

"Go to, knave, what pratest thou of conversions? — what, is there no respect? — all masters, and no men? — I tell thee, fellow, I was somewhat totty when I received the good knight's blow, or I had kept my ground under it. But an thou gibest more of it, thou shalt learn I can give as well as take."

"Peace, all!" said the Captain. — "And thou, Jew, think of thy ransom; thou needest not to be told that thy race are held to be accursed in all Christian communities, and trust me that we cannot endure thy presence amongst us. Think, therefore, of an offer, while I examine a prisoner of another cast."

"Were many of Front-de-Bœuf's men taken?" demanded the Black Knight.

"None of note enough to be put to ransom," answered the Captain; "a set of hilding fellows there were, whom we dismissed to find them a new master — enough had been done for revenge and profit; the bunch of them were not

worth a cardecu. The prisoner I speak of is better booty — a jolly monk riding to visit his leman, an I may judge by his horse-gear and wearing apparel. — Here cometh the worthy prelate, as pert as a pyet." And, between two yeomen, was brought before the sylvan throne of the outlaw Chief, our old friend, Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

— — *Flower of warriors,*
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Marcus. As with a man busied about
decrees,
Condemning some to death and some to exile,
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the
other.

Coriolanus.

THE captive Abbot's features and manners exhibited a whimsical mixture of offended pride, and deranged foppery and bodily terror.

“Why, how now, my masters?” said he, with a voice in which all three emotions were blended, “What order is this among ye? Be ye Turks or Christians, that handle a churchman?—Know ye what it is, *manus imponere in servos Domini?*”

Ye have plundered my mails — torn my cope of curious cut lace, which might have served a cardinal — Another in my place would have been at his *excommunicabo vos*; but I am placable, and if ye order forth my palfreys, release my brethren, and restore my mails, send with all speed an hundred crowns to be expended in masses at the high altar of Jorvaulx Abbey, and make your vow to eat no venison until next Pentecost, it may be you shall hear little more of this mad frolic.”

“Holy Father,” said the chief Outlaw, “it grieves me to think that you have met with such usage from any of my followers, as calls for your fatherly reprehension.”

“Usage!” echoed the priest, encouraged by the mild tone of the sylvan leader; “it were usage fit for no hound of good race — much less for a Christian — far less for a priest — and least of all for the Prior of the holy community of Jorvaulx. Here is a profane and drunken minstrel, called Allan-a-Dale — *nebulo quidam* — who has menaced me with corporeal punishment — nay, with death itself, an I pay not down four hundred crowns of ransom, to the boot all the treasure of which he hath robbed me — gold chains and gymnal rings to an unknown value; besides

what is broken and spoiled among their rude hands, as my pouncet-box and silver crisping-tongs."

"It is impossible that Allan-a-Dale can have thus treated a man of your reverend bearing!" replied the Captain.

"It is true as the gospel of Saint Nicodemus," said the Prior; "he swore, with many a cruel north country oath, that he would hang me up on the highest tree in the greenwood."

"Did he so in very deed? Nay, then, reverend father, I think you had better comply with his demands — for Allan-a-Dale is the very man to abide by his word when he has so pledged it."

"You do but jest with me," said the astounded Prior, with a forced laugh; "and I love a good jest with all my heart. But, ha! ha! ha! when the mirth has lasted the live-long night, it is time to be grave in the morning."

"And I am as grave as a father confessor," replied the Outlaw; "you must pay a round ransom, Sir Prior, or your convent is likely to be called to a new election; for your place will know you no more."

"Are ye Christians," said the Prior, "and hold this language to a churchman?"

“Christians! ay, marry are we, and have divinity among us to boot,” answered the Outlaw. “Let our buxom chaplain stand forth, and expound to this reverend father the texts which concern this matter.”

The Friar, half-drunk, half-sober, had huddled a friar's frock over his green cassock, and now summoning together whatever scraps of learning he had learned by rote in former days, “Holy father,” said he, “*Deus faciet saluum benignitatem vestrum* — You are welcome to the greenwood.”

“What profane mummary is this?” said the Prior; “Friend, if thou be'st indeed of the church, it were a better deed to shew me how I may escape from these men's hands, than to stand ducking and grinning here like a morris-dancer.”

“Truly, reverend father,” said the Friar, “I know but one mode in which thou may'st escape. This is Saint Andrew's day with us, we are taking our tythes.”

“But not of the church then, I trust, my good brother,” said the Prior.

“Of church and lay,” said the Friar; “and therefore, Sir Prior, *facite vobis amicos de Mam-mone iniquitatis* — make yourselves friends of the

Mammon of iniquity, for no other friendship is like to serve your turn."

"I love a jolly woodsman at heart," said the Prior; "come, ye must not deal too hard with me — I can well of woodcraft, and can wind a horn clear and lustily, and hollo till every oak rings again — Come, ye must not deal too hard with me."

"Give him a horn," said the Outlaw, "we will prove the skill he boasts of."

The Prior Aymer winded a blast accordingly. The Captain shook his head.

"Sir Prior," he said, "this may not ransom thee — we cannot afford, as the legend on a good knight's shield hath it, to set thee free for a blast. Moreover, I have found thee — thou art one of those, who, with new French graces and Tra-liras, dost disturb the ancient English bugle notes. — Prior, that last flourish on the recheat hath added fifty crowns to thy ransom, for corrupting the true old manly blasts of venerie."

"Well, friend," said the Abbot, peevishly, "thou art ill to please with thy woodcraft. I pray thee be more conformable in this matter of my ransom. At a word — since I must needs, for once, hold a candle to the devil — what ransom

am I to pay for walking on Watling-street, without having fifty men at my back?"

"Were it not well," said the Lieutenant of the gang apart to the Captain, "that the Prior should name the Jew's ransom, and the Jew name the Prior's?"

"Thou art a mad knave," said the Captain, "but thy plan transcends! — Here, Jew, step forth — Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him? — Thou knowest the income of his convent, I warrant thee."

"O, assuredly," said Isaac. "I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and fruits of the earth, and also much wool. O, it is a rich abbey-stede, and they do live upon the fat, and drink the sweet wines upon the lees, these good fathers of Jorvaulx. Ah, if an out-cast like me had such a home to go to, and such incomings by the year and by the month, I would pay much gold and silver to redeem my captivity."

"Hound of a Jew!" exclaimed the Prior, "no one knows better than thy own cursed self, that our holy house of God is indebted for the finishing of our chancel — —"

Mammon of iniquity, for no other friendship is like to serve your turn."

"I love a jolly woodsman at heart," said the Prior; "come, ye must not deal too hard with me — I can well of woodcraft, and can wind a horn clear and lustily, and hollo till every oak rings again — Come, ye must not deal too hard with me."

"Give him a horn," said the Outlaw, "we will prove the skill he boasts of."

The Prior Aymer winded a blast accordingly. The Captain shook his head.

"Sir Prior," he said, "this may not ransom thee — we cannot afford, as the legend on a good knight's shield hath it, to set thee free for a blast. Moreover, I have found thee — thou art one of those, who, with new French graces and Tra-liras, dost disturb the ancient English bugle notes. — Prior, that last flourish on the recheat hath added fifty crowns to thy ransom, for corrupting the true old manly blasts of venerie."

"Well, friend," said the Abbot, peevishly, "thou art ill to please with thy woodcraft. I pray thee be more conformable in this matter of my ransom. At a word — since I must needs, for once, hold a candle to the devil — what ransom

am I to pay for walking on Watling-street, without having fifty men at my back?"

"Were it not well," said the Lieutenant of the gang apart to the Captain, "that the Prior should name the Jew's ransom, and the Jew name the Prior's?"

"Thou art a mad knave," said the Captain, "but thy plan transcends! — Here, Jew, step forth — Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him? — Thou knowest the income of his convent, I warrant thee."

"O, assuredly," said Isaac. "I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and fruits of the earth, and also much wool. O, it is a rich abbey-stede, and they do live upon the fat, and drink the sweet wines upon the lees, these good fathers of Jorvaulx. Ah, if an out-cast like me had such a home to go to, and such incomings by the year and by the month, I would pay much gold and silver to redeem my captivity."

"Hound of a Jew!" exclaimed the Prior, "no one knows better than thy own cursed self, that our holy house of God is indebted for the finishing of our chancel — —"

“And for the storing of your cellars in the last season with the due allowance of Gascon wine,” interrupted the Jew; “but that — that is small matters.”

“Hear the infidel dog! — he jangles as if our holy community did come under debts for the wines we have a license to drink, *propter necessitatem et ad frigus depellendum*. The circumcised villain blasphemeth the holy church, and Christian men listen and rebuke him not!”

“All this helps nothing,” said the leader. — “Isaac, pronounce what he may pay, without flaying both hide and hair.”

“An six hundred crowns,” said Isaac, “the good Prior might well pay to your honoured valours, and never sit less soft in his stall.”

“Six hundred crowns,” said the leader, gravely; “I am contented — thou hast well spoken, Isaac — six hundred crowns — it is a sentence, Sir Prior.”

“A sentence! — a sentence!” exclaimed the band; “Solomon had not done it better.”

“Thou hearest thy doom, Prior,” said the leader.

“Ye are mad, my masters,” said the Prior; “where am I to find such a sum? If I sell the

very pyx and candlesticks on the altar at Jorvaulx, I shall scarce raise the half; and it will be necessary for that purpose that I go to Jorvaulx myself; ye may retain as borrows* my two priests."

"That will be but blind trust," said the Outlaw; "we will retain thee, Prior, and send them to fetch thy ransom. Thou shalt not want a cup of wine and a collop of venison the while; and if thou lovest woodcraft, thou shalt see such as your north country never witnessed."

"Or, if so please you," said Isaac, willing to curry favour with the outlaws, "I can send to York for the six hundred crowns, out of certain monies in my hands, if so be that the most reverend Prior present will grant me a quittance."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost list, Isaac," said the Captain; "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Aymer as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, courageous sirs," said the Jew, "I am a broken and impoverished man;

* Borghs or borrows signifies pledges. Hence our word to borrow, because we pledge ourselves to restore what is lent.

a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the Captain; "How say you, father Aymer? — Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"Can he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior — "Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel, who were led into Assyrian bondage? — I have seen but little of him myself, but our cellarer and treasurer have dealt largely with him, and report says that his house at York is so full of gold and silver as is a shame in any Christian land. Marvel it is to all living Christian hearts that such gnawing adders should be suffered to eat into the bowels of the state, and even of the holy church herself, with foul usuries and extortions."

"Hold, father," said the Jew, "mitigate and assuage your choler. I pray of your reverence to remember that I force my monies upon no one. But when churchman and layman, prince and prior, knight and priest, come knocking to Isaac's door, they borrow not his shekels with these uncivil terms. It is then, Friend Isaac, will you pleasure us in this matter, and our day shall be truly kept, so God sa' me? — and kind

Isaac, if ever you served man, shew yourself a friend in this need. And when the day comes, and I ask my own, then what hear I but damned Jew, and the curse of Egypt on your tribe, and all that may stir up the rude and uncivil populace against poor strangers?"

"Prior," said the Captain, "Jew though he be, he hath in this spoken well. Do thou, therefore, name his ransom, as he named thine, without farther rude terms."

"None but *latro famosus* — the interpretation whereof," said the Prior, "will I give at some other time and tide — would place a Christian prelate and an unbaptized Jew upon the same bench. But since ye require me to put a price upon this caitiff, I tell you openly that ye will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns."

"A sentence! — a sentence!" said the chief Outlaw.

"A sentence! — a sentence!" shouted his assessors; "the Christian has shewn his good nurture, and dealt with us more generously than the Jew."

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "will ye bear to the ground an impove-

rished creature? — I am this day childless, and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?"

"Thou wilt have the less to provide for, Jew, if thou art childless," said Aymer.

"Alas! my lord," said Isaac, "your law permits you not to know how the child of our bosom is entwined with the strings of our heart — O Rebecca! daughter of my beloved Rachel! were each leaf on that tree a zecchin, and each zecchin mine own, all that mass of wealth would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Nazarene!"

"Was not thy daughter dark-haired?" said one of the outlaws; "and wore she not a veil of twisted sendal, broidered with silver?"

"She did! — she did!" said the old man, trembling with eagerness, as formerly with fear. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! canst thou tell me aught of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the yeoman, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks on yester-even. I had drawn my bow to send a shaft after him, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel, who I feared might take harm from the arrow."

„Oh!“ answered the Jew, „I would to God thou hadst shot, though the arrow had pierced her bosom — better the tomb of her fathers than the dishonourable couch of the licentious and savage Templar. Ichobad! Ichobad! the glory hath departed from my house.”

„Friends,” said the Chief, looking round, „the old man is but a Jew, natheless his grief touches me. — Deal uprightly with us, Isaac — will paying this ransom of a thousand crowns leave thee altogether pennyless?”

Isaac, recalled to think of his worldly goods, the love of which, by dint of inveterate habit, contended even with his parental affection, grew pale, stammered, and could not deny there might be some small surplus.

„Well — go to — what though there be,” said the Outlaw, „we will not reckon with thee too closely. Without treasure thou may'st as well hope to redeem thy child from the clutches of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as to shoot a stag-royal with a headless shaft — We will take thee at the same ransom with Prior Aymer, or rather at one hundred crowns lower, which hundred crowns shall be mine own peculiar loss; and so we shall avoid the heinous offence of rating a Jew merchant as high as a Christian prelate,

and thou wilt have four hundred crowns remaining to treat for thy daughter's ransom. Templars love the glitter of silver shekels as well as the sparkle of black eyes — Hasten to make thy crowns chink in the ear of De Bois-Guilbert, ere worse comes of it. Thou wilt find him, as our scouts have brought notice, at the next Preceptory house of his Order. — Said I well, my merry mates?"

The yeomen expressed their wonted acquiescence in their leader's opinion; and Isaac, relieved of one half of his apprehensions, by learning that his daughter lived, and might possibly be ransomed, threw himself at the feet of the generous Outlaw, and, rubbing his beard against his buskins, sought to kiss the hem of his green cassock. The Captain drew himself back, and extricated himself from the Jew's grasp, not without some marks of contempt.

"Nay, beshrew thee, man, up with thee! I am English-born, and love no such eastern prostrations — Kneel to God, and not to a poor sinner like me."

"Ay, Jew," said Prior Aymer; "kneel to God, as represented in the servant of his altar, and who knows, with thy sincere repentance and due gifts to the shrine of Saint Robert, what

grace thou mayst acquire for thyself and thy daughter Rebecca? I grieve for the maiden, for she is of fair and comely countenance; I beheld her in the lists at Ashby. Also Brian de Bois Guilbert is one with whom I may do much — bethink thee how thou mayest deserve my good word with him."

"Alas! alas!" said the Jew, "on every hand the spoilers arise against me — I am given as a prey unto the Assyrian, and a prey unto him of Egypt."

"And what else should be the lot of thy accursed race?" answered the Prior; "for what saith holy writ, *verbum Domini projecerunt, et sapientia est nulla in eis* — they have cast forth the word of the Lord, and there is no wisdom in them; *propterea dabo mulieres eorum exteris* — I will give their women to strangers, that is to the Templar, as in the present matter; *et thesauros eorum hæredibus alienis*, and their treasures to others."

Isaac groaned deeply, and began to wring his hands and to relapse into his state of desolation and despair. But the leader of the yeomen led him aside.

"Advise thee well, Isaac, what thou wilt do in this matter; my counsel to thee is to make

a friend of this churchman. He is vain, Isaac, and he is covetous, at least he needs money to supply his profusion. Thou canst easily gratify his greed; for think not that I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty. I know, Isaac, the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money-bags — What, know I not the great stone under the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York?" The Jew grew as pale as death — "But fear nothing from me," continued the yeoman, "for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick yeoman whom thy fair daughter Rebecca redeemed from the gyves at York, and kept him in thy house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money? — Usurer as thou art, thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor silver mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred crowns."

"And thou art he whom we called Diccon Bend-the-Bow?" said Isaac; "I thought ever I knew the accent of thy voice."

"I am Bend-the-Bow," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all those."

"But thou art mistaken, good Bend-the-Bow,

concerning that same vaulted apartment. So help me Heaven, as there is nought in it but some merchandizes which I will gladly part with to you — one hundred yards of Lincoln green to make doublets to thy men, and a hundred staves of Spanish yew to make bows, and one hundred silken bow-strings, tough, round, and sound — these will I send thee for thy good-will, honest Diccon, an thou wilt keep silence about the vault, my good Diccon.”

“Silent as a dormouse,” said the Outlaw; “and never trust me but I am grieved for thy daughter. But I may not help it — The Templar’s lances are too strong for my archery — they would scatter us like dust. Had I but known it was Rebecca when she was borne off, something might have been done; but now thou must needs proceed by policy. Come, shall I treat for thee with the Prior!”

“In God’s name, Diccon, an thou canst aid me to recover the child of my bosom.”

“Do not thou interrupt me with thine ill-timed avarice,” said the Outlaw, “and I will deal with him in thy behalf.”

He then turned from the Jew, who followed him, however, as closely as his shadow.

a friend of this churchman. He is vain, Isaac, and he is covetous, at least he needs money to supply his profusion. Thou canst easily gratify his greed; for think not that I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty. I know, Isaac, the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money-bags — What, know I not the great stone under the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York?" The Jew grew as pale as death — "But fear nothing from me," continued the yeoman, "for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick yeoman whom thy fair daughter Rebecca redeemed from the gyves at York, and kept him in thy house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money? — Usurer as thou art, thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor silver mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred crowns."

"And thou art he whom we called Diccon Bend-the-Bow?" said Isaac; "I thought ever I knew the accent of thy voice."

"I am Bend-the-Bow," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all those."

"But thou art mistaken, good Bend-the-Bow,

concerning that same vaulted apartment. So help me Heaven, as there is nought in it but some merchandizes which I will gladly part with to you — one hundred yards of Lincoln green to make doublets to thy men, and a hundred staves of Spanish yew to make bows, and one hundred silken bow-strings, tough, round, and sound — these will I send thee for thy good-will, honest Diccon, an thou wilt keep silence about the vault, my good Diccon.”

“Silent as a dormouse,” said the Outlaw; “and never trust me but I am grieved for thy daughter. But I may not help it — The Templar’s lances are too strong for my archery — they would scatter us like dust. Had I but known it was Rebecca when she was borne off, something might have been done; but now thou must needs proceed by policy. Come, shall I treat for thee with the Prior!”

“In God’s name, Diccon, an thou canst aid me to recover the child of my bosom.”

“Do not thou interrupt me with thine ill-timed avarice,” said the Outlaw, “and I will deal with him in thy behalf.”

He then turned from the Jew, who followed him, however, as closely as his shadow.

“Prior Aymer,” said the Captain, “come apart with me under this tree. Men say thou dost love wine, and a lady’s smile, better than beseems thy Order, Sir Priest; but with that I have nought to do. I have heard, too, thou dost love a brace of good dogs and a fleet horse, and it may well be that thou hatest not a purse of gold. But I have never heard that thou didst love oppression or cruelty. — Now, here is Isaac willing to give thee the means of pleasure and pastime in a bag containing one hundred merks of silver, if thy intercession with thine ally the Templar shall avail to procure the freedom of his daughter.”

“In safety and honour, as when taken from me,” said the Jew, “otherwise it is no bargain.”

“Peace, Isaac,” said the Outlaw, “or I give up thine interest. — What say you to this my purpose, Prior Aymer?”

“The matter,” quoth the Prior, “is of a mixed condition; for, if I do a good deed on the one hand, yet, on the other, it goeth to the vantage of a Jew, and in so much is against my conscience. Yet, if the Israelite will advantage the Church, by giving me somewhat over to the

building of our dortour,* I will take it on my conscience to aid him in the matter of his daughter."

"For a score of marks to the dortour," said the Outlaw, — "Be still, I say, Isaac! — or for a brace of silver candlesticks to the altar, we will not stand with you."

"Nay, but, good Diccon Bend-the-Bow" — said Isaac, endeavouring to interpose.

"Good Jew — good beast — good earth-worm!" said the yeoman, losing patience; "an thou dost go on to put thy filthy lucre in the balance with thy daughter's life and honour, by Heaven, I will strip thee of every maravedi thou hast in the world, before three days are out!"

Isaac shrunk together, and was silent.

"And what pledge am I to have for all this?" said the Prior.

"When Isaac returns successful through your mediation," said the Outlaw, "I swear by Saint Hubert, I will see that he pays thee the money in good silver, or I will reckon with him for it in such sort, he had better have paid twenty such sums."

* *Dortour*, or dormitory.

„Well then, Jew,” said Aymer, „since I must needs meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy writing tablets — though, hold — rather than use thy pen, I would fast for twenty-four honrs, and where shall I find one?”

„If your holy scruples can dispense with using the Jew’s tablets, for the pen I can find a remedy,” said the yeoman: And, bending his bow, he aimed his shaft at a wild-goose which was soaring over their heads, the advanced-guard of a phalanx of his tribe, which were winging their way to the distant and solitary fens of Holderness. The bird came fluttering down, transfixed with the arrow.

„There, Prior,” said the Captain, „are quills enow to supply all the monks of Jorvaulx for the next hundred years, an they take not to writing chronicles.”

The Prior sat down, and at great leisure indited an epistle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and, having carefully sealed up the tablets, delivered them to the Jew, saying, „This will be thy safe conduct to the Preceptory of Templestowe, and, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the delivery of thy daughter, if it be well backed with proffers of advantage and commodity at thine own hand; for, trust me well, the good Knight

Bois - Guilbert is of their confraternity that do nought for nought."

"Well, Prior," said the Outlaw, "I will detain thee no longer here than to give the Jew a quittance for the five hundred crowns at which thy ransom is fixed — I accept of him for my paymaster; and if I hear that ye boggle at allowing him in his accompts the sum so paid by him, Saint Mary refuse me, an I burn not the abbey over thine head, though I hang ten years the sooner."

With a much worse grace than that wherewith he had penned the letter to Bois - Guilbert, the Prior wrote an acquittance, discharging Isaac of York of five hundred crowns, advanced to him in his need for acquittal of his ransom, and faithfully promised to hold true compt with him for that sum.

"And now," said Prior Aymer, "I will pray you of restitution of my mules and palfreys, and the freedom of the reverend brethren attending upon me, and also of the gymmal rings, jewels, and fair vestures, of which I have been despoiled, having now satisfied you for my ransom as a true prisoner."

"Touching your brethren, Sir Prior," said Locksley, "they shall have present freedom,

it were unjust to detain them; touching your horses and mules, they shall also be restored, with such spending-money as may enable you to reach York, for it were cruel to deprive you of the means of journeying. But as concerning rings, jewels, chains, and what else, you must understand that we are men of tender consciences, and will not yield to a venerable man like yourself, who should be dead to the vanities of this life, the strong temptation to break the rule of his foundation by wearing rings, chains, or other vain gauds."

"Think what ye do, my masters," said the Prior, "ere you put your hand on the Church's patriomony — These things are *inter res sacras*, and I wot not what judgment might ensue were they to be handled by laical hands."

"I will take care of that, reverend Friar," said the Hermit of Copmanhurst; "for I will wear them myself."

"Friend, or brother," said the Prior, in answer to this solution of his doubts, "if thou hast really taken religious orders, I pray thee to look how thou wilt answer to thine official for the share thou hast taken in this day's work."

"Friend Prior," returned the Hermit, "you are to know that I belong to a little diocese,

where I am my own diocesan, and care as little for the Bishop of York as I do for the Abbot of Jorvaulx, the Prior, and all the convent."

"Thou art utterly irregular," said the Prior; "one of those disorderly men, who, taking on them the sacred character without due cause, profane the holy rites, and endanger the souls of those who take counsel at their hands; *lapides pro pane condonantes iis*, giving them stones instead of bread, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Nay," said the Friar, "an my brain-pan could have been broken by Latin, it had not held so long together. I say, that easing a world of such misproud priests as thou art of their jewels and their gim-cracks, is a lawful spoiling of the Egyptians."

"Thou be'st a hedge-priest," said the Prior, in great wrath, "*excommunicabo vos*."

"Thou be'st thyself more like a thief and a heretic," said the Friar, equally indignant; "I will pouch up no such affront before my parishioners, as thou thinkest it not shame to put upon me, although I be a reverend brother to thee; *ossa ejus perfringam*, I will break your bones, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Holla," cried the Captain, "come the reverend brethren to such terms? — Keep thine assu-

rance of peace, Friar. — Prior, an thou hast not made thy peace with Good, provoke the Friar no further. — Hermit, let the reverend father in God depart in peace, as a ransomed man.”

The yeomen separated the incensed priests, who continued to raise their voices, vituperating each other in bad Latin, which the Prior delivered most fluently, and the Hermit with the greater vehemence. The Prior at length recollected himself sufficiently to be aware that he was compromising his dignity, by squabbling with such a hedge priest as the Outlaw's chaplain, and being joined by his attendants, rode off with considerably less pomp, and in a much more apostolical condition, so far as worldly matters were concerned, than he had exhibited before this encounter.

It remained that the Jew should produce some security for the ransom which he was to pay on the Prior's account, as well as upon his own. He gave, accordingly, an order sealed with his signet, to a brother of his tribe at York, requiring him to pay to the bearer the sum of a thousand crowns, and to deliver certain merchandizes specified in the note.

“My brother Sheva,” he said, groaning deeply, “hath the key of my warchouses.”

“And of the vaulted chamber?” whispered Locksley.

“No, no — may heaven forefend!” said Isaac; “evil is the hour that let any one whomsoever into that secret!”

“It is safe with me,” said the Outlaw, “so be that this thy scroll produce the sum therein nominated and set down. — But what now, Isaac? art dead? art stupified? hath the payment of a thousand crowns put thy daughter’s peril out of thy mind?”

The Jew started to his feet — No, Diccon, no — I will presently set forth. — Farewell, thou whom I may not call good, and dare not and will not call evil.”

Yet ere Isaac departed, the Outlaw Chief bestowed on him this parting advice: — “Be liberal of thine offers, Isaac, and spare not thy purse for thy daughter’s safety. Credit me, that the gold thou shalt spare in her cause, will hereafter give thee as much agony as if it were poured molten down thy throat.”

Isaac acquiesced with a deep groan, and set forth on his journey, accompanied by two tall foresters, who were to be his guides, and at the same time his guards through the wood.

The Black Knight, who had seen with no small interest these various proceedings, now took his leave of the outlaw in turn; nor could he avoid expressing his surprise at having witnessed so much of civil policy amongst persons cast out from all the ordinary protection and influence of the laws.

“Good fruit, Sir Knight,” said the yeoman, “will sometimes grow on a sorry tree; and evil times are not always productive of evil alone and unmixed. Amongst those who are drawn into this lawless state, there are, doubtless, numbers who wish to exercise its licence with some moderation, and some who regret, it may be, that they are obliged to follow such a trade at all.”

“And to one of these,” said the knight, “I am now, I presume, speaking?”

“Sir Knight,” said the Outlaw, “we have each our secret. You are welcome to form your judgment of me, and I may use my conjectures touching you, though neither of our shafts may hit the mark they are shot at. But as I do not pray to be admitted into your mystery, be not offended that I preserve my own.”

“I crave pardon, brave Outlaw,” said the knight, “your reproof is just. But it may be we shall meet hereafter with less of concealment

on either side. — Meanwhile we part friends, do we not?"

"There is my hand upon it," said Locksley; "and I will call it the hand of a true Englishman, though an outlaw for the present."

"And there is mine in return," said the knight; "and I hold it honoured by being clasped with your's. For he that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears. — Fare thee well, gallant Outlaw!"

Thus parted that fair fellowship; and He of the Fetterlock, mounting upon his strong war-horse, rode off through the forest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

*King John. I'll tell thee what, my friend.
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. — Doest thou understand me?*

King John.

THERE was brave feasting in the Castle of York, to which Prince John had invited those nobles, prelates, and leaders, by whose assistance he hoped to carry through his ambitious projects upon his brother's throne. Waldemar Fitzurse, his able and politic agent, was at secret work among them, tempering all to that pitch of courage which was necessary in making an open declaration of their purpose. But their enterprize was delayed by the absence of more than one main limb of the confederacy. The stubborn and daring,

though brutal courage of Front-de-Bœuf; the buoyant spirits and bold bearing of De Bracy; the sagacity, martial experience, and renowned valour of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were important to the success of their conspiracy; and, while cursing in secret their unnecessary and unmeaning absence, neither John nor his adviser dared to proceed without them. Isaac the Jew also seemed to have vanished, and with him the hope of certain sums of money, making up the subsidy for which Prince John had contracted with that Israelite and his brethren. This deficiency was likely to prove perilous in an emergency so critical.

It was on the morning after the fall of Torquilstone, that a confused report began to spread abroad in the city of York, that De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert, with their confederate Front-de-Bœuf, had been taken or slain. Waldemar brought the rumour to Prince John, announcing, that he feared its truth the more that they had set out with a small attendance, for the purpose of committing an assault on the Saxon Cedric and his attendants. At another time the Prince would have treated this deed of violence as a good jest; but now, that it interfered with and impeded his own plans, he exclaimed against

the perpetrators, and spoke of the broken laws, and the infringement of public order and of private property, in a tone which might have become King Alfred.

“The unprincipled marauders!” he said — “were I ever to become monarch of England, I would hang such transgressors over the draw-bridges of their own castles.”

“But to become monarch of England,” said his Achitophel coolly, “it is necessary not only that your grace should endure the transgressions of these unprincipled marauders, but that you should afford them your protection, notwithstanding your laudable zeal for the laws they are in the habit of infringing. We shall be finely helped, if the churl Saxons should have realized your Grace’s vision, of converting feudal draw-bridges into gibbets; and yonder bold-spirited Cedric seemeth one to whom such an imagination might occur. Your Grace is well aware, it will be dangerous to stir without Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy, and the Templar; and yet we have gone too far to recede with safety.”

Prince John struck his forehead with impatience, and then began to stride up and down the apartment.

“The villains,” he said, “the base, treacherous villains, to desert me at this pinch!”

“Nay, say rather the feather-pated giddy fools,” said Waldemar, “who must be toying with follies when such business was in hand.”

“What is to be done?” said the Prince, stopping short before Waldemar.

“I know nothing which can be done,” answered his counsellor, “save that which I have already taken order for. — I came not to bewail this evil chance with your Grace, until I had done my best to remedy it.”

“Thou art ever my better angel, Waldemar,” said the Prince; “and when I have such a chancellor to advise withal, the reign of John will be renowned in our annals. — What hast thou commanded?”

“I have caused Louis Winkelbrand, De Bracy’s lieutenant, to cause his trumpets sound to horse, and to display his banner, and to set presently forth toward the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, to do what yet may be done for the succour of our friends.”

Prince John’s face flushed with the pride of a spoilt child, who has undergone what it conceives to be an insult.

“By the face of God!” he said, “Waldemar Fitzurse, much hast thou taken upon thee! and over malapert thou wert to cause trumpet to blow, or banner to be raised, in a town where ourselves were in presence, without our express command.”

“I crave your Grace’s pardon,” said Fitzurse, internally cursing the idle vanity of his patron; “but when time pressed, and even the loss of minutes might be fatal, I judged it best to take this much burden upon me, in a matter of such importance to your Grace’s interest.”

“Thou art pardoned, Fitzurse,” said the Prince, gravely; “thy purpose hath atoned for thy hasty rashness. — But whom have we here? — De Bracy himself, by the rood! — and in strange guise doth he come before us.”

It was indeed De Bracy — „bloody with spurring, fiery red with speed.” — His armour bore all the marks of the late obstinate fray, being broken, defaced, and stained with blood in many places, and covered with clay and dust from the crest to the spur. Undoing his helmet, he placed it on the table, and stood a moment as if to collect himself before he told his news.

“De Bracy,” said Prince John, “what means this? — Speak, I charge thee! — Are the Saxons in rebellion?”

“Speak, De Bracy,” said Fitzurse, almost in the same moment with his master, “thou wert wont to be a man — Where is the Templar? — where Front-de-Bœuf?”

“The Templar is fled,” said De Bracy; “Front-de-Bœuf you will never see more. He has found a red grave among the blazing rafters of his own castle, and I alone am escaped to tell you.”

“Cold news,” said Waldemar, “to us, though you speak of fire and conflagration.”

“The worst news is not yet said,” answered De Bracy; and, coming up to Prince John, he uttered in a low and emphatic tone — “Richard is in England — I have seen and spoken with him.”

Prince John turned pale, tottered, and caught at the back of an oaken bench to support himself — much like to a man who receives an arrow in his bosom.

“Thou ravest, De Bracy,” said Fitzurse, “it cannot be.”

“It is as true as truth itself,” said De Bracy; “I was his prisoner. and spoke with him.”

“With Richard Plantagenet, sayest thou?” continued Fitzurse.

“With Richard Plantagenet,” replied De Bracy, “with Richard Cœur de Lion — with Richard of England.”

“And thou wert his prisoner?” said Walde-
mar; “he is then at the head of a power?”

“No — only a few outlawed yeomen were around him, and to these his person is unknown. I heard him say he was about to depart from them. He joined them only to assist at the storming of Torquillstone.”

“Ay,” said Fitzurse, “such is indeed the fashion of Richard — a true knight-errant he, and will wander in wild adventure, trusting the prowess of his single arm, like any Sir Guy or Sir Bevis, while the weighty affairs of his kingdom slumber, and his own safety is endangered. — What dost thou propose to do, De Bracy?”

“I — I offered Richard the service of my Free Lances, and he refused them — I will lead them to Hull, seize on shipping, and embark for Flanders; thanks to the bustling times, a man of ac-

tion will always find employment. And thou, Waldemar, wilt thou take lance and shield, and lay down thy policies and wend along with me, and share the fate which God sends us?"

"I am too old, Maurice, and I have a daughter," answered Waldemar.

"Give her to me, Fitzurse, and I will maintain her as fits her rank, with the help of lance and stirrup," said De Bracy.

"Not so," answered Fitzurse; "I will take sanctuary in this church of Saint Peter — the Archbishop is my sworn brother."

During this discourse, Prince John had gradually awakened from the stupor into which he had been thrown by the unexpected intelligence, and had been attentive to the conversation which passed betwixt his followers. "They fall off from me," he said to himself; "they hold no more by me than a withered leaf by the bough when a breeze blows on it! — Hell and fiends, can I shape no means for myself when I am deserted by these cravens?" — He paused, and there was an expression of diabolical passion in the constrained laugh with which he at length broke in on their conversation.

«Ha, ha, ha! my good lords, by the light of Our Lady's brow, I held ye sage men, bold men, ready-witted men; yet ye throw down wealth, honour, pleasure, all that our noble game promised you, at the moment it might be won by one bold cast!"

«I understand you not," said De Bracy. «So soon as Richard's return is blown abroad, he will be at the head of an army, and all is then over with us. I would counsel you, my lord, either to fly to France, or take the protection of the Queen Mother."

«I seek no safety for myself," said Prince John haughtily; «*that* I could secure by a word spoken to my brother. But although you, De Bracy, and you, Waldemar Fitzurse, are so ready to abandon me, I should not greatly delight to see your heads set on Clifford's gate, yonder. Thinkest thou, Waldemar, that the wily Archbishop will not suffer thee to be taken from the very horns of the altar, would it make his peace with King Richard? And forgettest thou, De Bracy, that Robert Estoteville lies betwixt thee and Hull with all his forces, and that the Earl of Essex is gathering his followers? If we had reason to fear these levies even before Richard's return, trowest thou there is any doubt now

which party their leaders will take? Trust me, Estoteville alone has strength enough to drive all thy Free Lances into the Humber." — Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy looked in each other's faces with blank dismay. — "There is but one road to safety," continued the Prince, and his brow grew black as midnight; "this object of our terror journeys alone — He must be met withal."

"Not by me," said De Bracy, hastily; "I was his prisoner, and he took me to mercy — I will not harm a feather in his crest."

"Who spoke of harming him?" said Prince John, with a hardened laugh; "the knave will say next that I meant he should slay him! — No — a prison were better; and whether in Britain or Austria, what matters it? — Things will be but as they were when we commenced our enterprize — It was founded on the hope that Richard would remain a captive in Germany — Our uncle Robert lived and died in the castle of Cardiffe."

"Ay, but," said Waldemar, "your grand-sire Henry sate more firm on his seat than your Grace can. I say the best prison is that which is made by the sexton — no dungeon like a church-vault! I have said my say."

“Prison or tomb,” said De Bracy, “I wash my hands of the whole matter.”

“Villain!” said Prince John, “thou wouldst not betray our counsel?”

“Counsel was never betrayed by me,” said De Bracy, haughtily, “nor must the name of villain be coupled with mine.”

“Peace, Sir Knight!” said Waldemar; — “and you, good my lord, — forgive the scruples of valiant De Bracy; I trust I shall soon remove them.”

“That passes your eloquence, Fitzurse,” replied the knight.

“Why, good Sir Maurice,” rejoined the wily politician, “start not aside like a scared steed, without, at least, considering the object of your terror. — This Richard — but a day since, and it would have been thy dearest wish to have met him hand to hand in the ranks of battle — an hundred times I have heard thee wish it.”

“Ay,” said De Bracy, “but that was as thou sayest, hand to hand, and in the ranks of battle! Thou never heard’st me breathe a thought of assaulting him alone, and in a forest?”

“Thou art no good knight if thou dost scruple at it,” said Waldemar. “Was it in battle that

Lancelot de Lac and Sir Tristram won renown? or was it not by encountering gigantic knights under the shade of deep and unknown forests?"

"Ay, but I promise you," said De Bracy, "that neither Tristram nor Lancelot would have been match, hand to hand, for Richard Plantagenet, and I think it was not their wont to take odds against a single man."

"Thou art mad, De Bracy — what is it we propose to thee, a hired and retained captain of Free Companions, whose swords are purchased for Prince John's service? Thou art apprized of our enemy, and then thou scruplest, though thy patron's fortunes, those of thy comrades, thine own, and the life and honour of every one amongst us be at stake!"

"I tell you," said De Bracy, sullenly, "that he gave me my life. True, he sent me from his presence, and refused my homage — so far I owe him neither favour nor allegiance — but I will not lift hand against him."

"It needs not — send Louis Winkelman and a score of thy lances."

"Ye have sufficient ruffians of your own," said De Bracy; "not one of mine shall budge on such an errand."

“Art thou so obstinate, De Bracy?” said Prince John; “and wilt thou forsake me, after so many protestations of zeal for my service?”

“I mean it not,” said De Bracy; “I will abide by you in aught that becomes a knight, whether in the lists or in the camp; but this highway practice comes not within my vow.”

“Come hither, Waldemar,” said Prince John. “An unhappy prince am I. My father, King Henry, had faithful servants — He had but to say that he was plagued with a factious priest, and the blood of Thomas - a - Becket, saint though he was, stained the steps of his own altar. — Tracy, Morville, Brito,* loyal and daring subjects, your names, your spirit, are extinct! and although Reginald Fitzurse hath left a son, he hath fallen off from his father’s fidelity and courage.”

* Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito, were the gentlemen of Henry the Second’s household, who, instigated by some passionate expressions of their sovereign, slew the celebrated Thomas - a - Becket.

“He has fallen off from neither,” said Walde-
 mar Fitzurse; “and since it may not better be,
 I will take on me the conduct of this perilous
 enterprize. Dearly, however, did my father pur-
 chase the praise of a zealous friend; and yet did
 his proof of loyalty to Henry fall far short of
 what I am about to afford; for rather would I
 assail a whole calendar of saints, than put spear
 in rest against Cœur de Lion. — De Bracy, to
 thee I must trust to keep up the spirits of the
 doubtful, and to guard Prince John’s person. If
 you receive such news as I trust to send you, our
 enterprize will no longer wear a doubtful aspect.
 — Page,” he said, “hie to my lodgings, and tell
 my armourer to be there in readiness; and bid
 Stephen Wetheral, Broad Thoresby, and the
 three Spears of Spyinglaw, attend me instantly;
 and let the scout-master, Hugh Bardon, attend
 me also. — Adieu, my Prince, till better times.”
 Thus speaking, he left the apartment.

“He goes to make my brother prisoner,” said
 Prince John to De Bracy, “with as little touch
 of compunction as if it but concerned the liberty
 of a Saxon Franklin. I trust he will observe our
 orders, and use our dear Richard’s person with
 all due respect.”

De Bracy only answered by a smile.

“By the light of Our Lady’s brow,” said Prince John, “our orders to him were most precise — though it may be you heard them not, as we stood together in the oriel window — Most clear and positive was our charge that Richard’s safety should be cared for, and woe to Waldemar’s head if he transgress it!”

“I had better pass to his lodgings,” said De Bracy, “and make him fully aware of your Grace’s pleasure; for, as it quite escaped my ear, it may not perchance have reached that of Waldemar.”

“Nay, nay,” said Prince John impatiently, “I promise thee he heard me; and, besides, I have farther occupation for thee. Maurice, come hither, let me lean on thy shoulder.”

They walked a turn through the hall in this familiar posture, and Prince John, with an air of the most confidential intimacy, proceeded to say, “What thinkest thou of this Waldemar Fitzurse, my De Bracy? — He trusts to be our Chancellor. Surely we will pause ere we give an office so high to one who shows evidently how little he reverences our blood, by his so readily undertaking this enterprize against Richard. Thou dost think, I warrant, that thou hast lost some-

what of our regard, by thy boldly declining this unpleasing task — But no, Maurice! I rather honour thee for thy virtuous constancy. There are things most necessary to be done, the perpetrator of which we neither love nor honour; and there may be refusals to serve us, which shall rather exalt to our estimation those who deny our request. The arrest of my unfortunate brother forms no such good title to the high office of Chancellor, as thy chivalrous and courageous denial establishes in thee to the truncheon of High Marshal. Think of this, De Bracy, and begone to thy charge." —

"Fickle tyrant!" muttered De Bracy, as he left the presence of the Prince; "evil luck have they who trust thee. Thy Chancellor, indeed! — He who hath the keeping of thy conscience shall have an easy charge, I trow. But High Marshal of England! that," he said, extending his arm, as if to grasp the baton of office, and assuming a loftier stride along the anti-chamber, "that is indeed a prize worth playing for!"

De Bracy had no sooner left the apartment than Prince John summoned an attendant.

"Bid Hugh Bardon, our scout-master, come hither, so soon as he shall have spoken with Waldemar Fitzurse."

The scout-master arrived after a brief delay, during which John traversed the apartment with unequal and disordered steps.

«Bardon,” said he, «what did Waldemar desire of thee?”

«Two resolute men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the tread of man and horse.”

«And thou hast fitted him?”

«Let your Grace never trust me else,” answered the master of the spies. «One is from Hexhamshire; he is wont to trace the Tynedale and Teviotdale thieves, as a blood-hound follows the slot of a hurt deer. The other is Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his bow-string right oft in merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and dingle, copse and high-wood, betwixt this and Richmond.”

«’Tis well,” said the Prince. «Goes Waldemar forth with them?”

«Instantly,” said Bardon.

«With what attendance?” enquired John carelessly.

«Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wetheral, whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen

Steel-heart; and three northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Middleton's gang — they are called the Spears of Spyinglaw."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then added, after a moment's pause, "Bardon, it imports our service that thou keep a strict watch on Maurice De Bracy — so that he shall not observe it, however — And let us know of his motions from time to time — with whom he converses, what he proposeth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Bardon bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John — "if he betrays me, as his bearing leads me to fear, I will have his head, were Richard thundering at the gates of York!"

The scout-master arrived after a brief delay, during which John traversed the apartment with unequal and disordered steps.

“Bardon,” said he, “what did Waldemar desire of thee?”

“Two resolute men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the tread of man and horse.”

“And thou hast fitted him?”

“Let your Grace never trust me else,” answered the master of the spies. “One is from Hexhamshire; he is wont to trace the Tynedale and Teviotdale thieves, as a blood-hound follows the slot of a hurt deer. The other is Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his bow-string right oft in merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and dingle, copse and high-wood, betwixt this and Richmond.”

“’Tis well,” said the Prince. “Goes Waldemar forth with them?”

“Instantly,” said Bardon.

“With what attendance?” enquired John carelessly.

“Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wetheral, whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen

Steel-heart; and three northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Middleton's gang — they are called the Spears of Spyinglaw."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then added, after a moment's pause, "Bardon, it imports our service that thou keep a strict watch on Maurice De Bracy — so that he shall not observe it, however — And let us know of his motions from time to time — with whom he converses, what he proposeth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Bardon bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John — "if he betrays me, as his bearing leads me to fear, I will have his head, were Richard thundering at the gates of York!"

The scout-master arrived after a brief delay, during which John traversed the apartment with unequal and disordered steps.

“Bardon,” said he, “what did Waldemar desire of thee?”

“Two resolute men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the tread of man and horse.”

“And thou hast fitted him?”

“Let your Grace never trust me else,” answered the master of the spies. “One is from Hexhamshire; he is wont to trace the Tynedale and Teviotdale thieves, as a blood-hound follows the slot of a hurt deer. The other is Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his bow-string right oft in merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and dingle, copse and high-wood, betwixt this and Richmond.”

“’Tis well,” said the Prince. “Goes Waldemar forth with them?”

“Instantly,” said Bardon.

“With what attendance?” enquired John carelessly.

“Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wetheral, whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen

Steel-heart; and three northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Middleton's gang — they are called the Spears of Spyinglaw."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then added, after a moment's pause, "Bardon, it imports our service that thou keep a strict watch on Maurice De Bracy — so that he shall not observe it, however — And let us know of his motions from time to time — with whom he converses, what he proposeth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Bardon bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John — "if he betrays me, as his bearing leads me to fear, I will have his head, were Richard thundering at the gates of York!"

The scout-master arrived after a brief delay, during which John traversed the apartment with unequal and disordered steps.

“Bardon,” said he, “what did Waldemar desire of thee?”

“Two resolute men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the tread of man and horse.”

“And thou hast fitted him?”

“Let your Grace never trust me else,” answered the master of the spies. “One is from Hexhamshire; he is wont to trace the Tynedale and Teviotdale thieves, as a blood-hound follows the slot of a hurt deer. The other is Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his bow-string right oft in merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and dingle, copse and high-wood, betwixt this and Richmond.”

“’Tis well,” said the Prince. “Goes Waldemar forth with them?”

“Instantly,” said Bardon.

“With what attendance?” enquired John carelessly.

“Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wetheral, whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen

Steel-heart; and three northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Middleton's gang — they are called the Spears of Spyinglaw."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then added, after a moment's pause, "Bardon, it imports our service that thou keep a strict watch on Maurice De Bracy — so that he shall not observe it, however — And let us know of his motions from time to time — with whom he converses, what he proposeth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Bardon bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John — "if he betrays me, as his bearing leads me to fear, I will have his head, were Richard thundering at the gates of York!"

The scout-master arrived after a brief delay, during which John traversed the apartment with unequal and disordered steps.

“Bardon,” said he, “what did Waldemar desire of thee?”

“Two resolute men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the tread of man and horse.”

“And thou hast fitted him?”

“Let your Grace never trust me else,” answered the master of the spies. “One is from Hexhamshire; he is wont to trace the Tynedale and Teviotdale thieves, as a blood-hound follows the slot of a hurt deer. The other is Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his bow-string right oft in merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and dingle, copse and high-wood, betwixt this and Richmond.”

“’Tis well,” said the Prince. “Goes Waldemar forth with them?”

“Instantly,” said Bardon.

“With what attendance?” enquired John carelessly.

“Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wetheral, whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen

Scott, Walter,

Ivanhoe a romance ; in four volumes

Bd.: 3

Zwickau (1823)

P.o.angl. 358 f-44/45

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748878-3